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M. SCHUMAN'S FELLOW-LODGERS

THE Hotel Matignon has a new occupant, who shares his tenancy with ghosts—the ghosts of the Weimar Republic. Apostle of financial orthodoxy and both public and personal austerity, M. Schuman has formed an administration considerably to the Right of that of his predecessor. The key post of Minister of Finance and National Economy has been allotted to M. René Mayer, a Radical authoritarian who served General de Gaulle as Minister of Transport until December, 1945, and may be reckoned as a covert supporter of the French People's Rally. Foreign Affairs, Defence and Agriculture are in the hands of M. Schuman's own Party, the Catholic Popular Republicans (M.R.P.). The task of dealing with the strikes and maintaining public order falls to three Socialists—M. Moch (Interior), M. Daniel Mayer (Labour) and M. Bechard (War)—all of whom belong to the extreme Right wing of the Socialist Party. Both M. Blum and M. Ramadier are excluded. Dependent, as it is, on the votes of the Right in the Assembly, the new Government's tenure of office seems likely to depend on the degree to which it acts in avowed opposition to the Left.

When M. Blum made his unsuccessful attempt to secure a vote of confidence from the Assembly, he stood as the unrepentant exponent of the "Third Force." Though M. Ramadier, by resigning, had seemed to concede that a "middle of the road" policy no longer commanded effective support, and though M. Paul Reynaud (whom M. Blum seemingly desired to include in his Cabinet) had publicly declared that no government could "fight on two fronts at once," the venerable Socialist leader included the R.P.F. as well as the Communists in his attack on undemocratic extremism. The vote made it plain that, whatever the chances were a year ago, or might still have been if the Socialist Party—with stronger backing from Britain—had taken earlier steps to develop the non-Communist *Force Ouvrière* movement in the trade unions, M. Blum was too late: no government could now be formed which did not rely either on the Communists or on the Right for support or, at least, tacit acquiescence. Since no Left-Centre candidate for the premiership could be found who would invite the Communists to share responsibility in the government of France, the choice had to fall on a member of the clerical M.R.P. who was sufficiently on the Right of the Party to secure the tolerance of the R.P.F. In order to secure the participation of the Socialist Right wing, M. Reynaud had to be excluded; but though the hands will be those of M. Mayer, the financial voice seems likely to be his.

Does this mean that the "Third Force" is dead and buried as a factor in French politics? The issue turns on the attitude which the new Government adopts towards the strikers. M. Schuman has some aces in his hand. By creating the impression that the strikes, which were begun quite justifiably as a protest against inadequate wages and soaring prices, are being converted into a political demonstration that France cannot be governed without the Communist Party, M. Duclos and M. Marty have done much to ensure the swift passage by Congress of the stop-gap Aid Bill. If the new Premier, with dollars at his disposal, succeeded in stabilising prices while conceding to the C.G.T. the substance of their wage demands, he might create an interval of calm in which the forces of moderation, both in the trade unions and in the country, could regain ground. If, on the contrary, his inclinations towards orthodox deflation and his antipathy to controls lead him into a position in which his only course is to endeavour to break the strikes, he must logically "strengthen" his Government by giving still greater representation to the extreme Right. In that event, the Socialist Party would have the choice of quitting the Government and recoiling towards the Left or becoming the helpless prisoner of reaction. They have been warned by M. Léon Jouhaux, the leader of the *Force Ouvrière* minority in the C.G.T., that he would not countenance any action against the Communist majority of organised labour if such action favoured a Right-wing government. M. Blum has proposed—in vain. It is M. Schuman who now disposes. His offer of barely one-eighth of the C.G.T. demands, his refusal to make even this niggardly wage-increase retrospective, and his threat to curb "abuses" of the right to strike, suggest that he is preparing forcibly to meet the trade union challenge. In such a struggle de Gaulle would be *tertium gaudens*. M. Schuman's ghostly fellow-lodgers may be whispering: "Von Papen did not last long."

The Big Four at Work

Preluded ominously by Marshal Sokolovsky's broadside against Anglo-American failure to demilitarise Western Germany, the London Conference of the Big Four has got off to a ragged start. The Foreign Ministers have agreed at least on the subjects which require discussion: the items on the agenda are to comprise the form and scope of the provisional political organisation of Germany; "economic" principles—i.e., reparations and the level of industry; frontiers and peace treaty procedure; demilitarisation; the draft American "Byrnes Treaty" of guarantee; and the report of the Austrian Treaty Commission. Austria, nominally the first item, has been relegated to the Ministers' deputies; it is still dubious whether the U.S.S.R. will agree to conclude an Austrian Peace Treaty, irrespective of what may be done in the case of Germany. The German problem, Mr. Molotov argues, is the more important and should have precedence. Were speech not given statesmen to conceal their thoughts, he might have added frankly that, so long as the suspicion is entertained in Moscow that Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin are planning the reconstruction of Bizonia as a strategic base in Europe, there is little likelihood of the U.S.S.R. weakening her defensive *glacis* by withdrawing from Austria. One question is whether Russia still desires quadrupartite government in Germany; another is whether the U.S. State Department considers that the conclusion of a peace treaty with a unified Germany—which means Anglo-American acceptance of some part at least of Russia's terms—is compatible with the Marshall Plan

Austrian Currency Chaos

The economic situation in Austria has been rendered still more confused and difficult by the proposed currency reform. The Government's announcement that there would be a two-thirds devaluation of all schillings not in regular bank deposits before November 12 led, as might have been expected, to a wild bout of spending and a chaotic raising of shop prices; for the new law had to receive the approval of the four Occupying Powers before it could become effective. Assent by the three Western Powers can be presumed; indeed, it was apparently under American and British pressure that Dr. Figl took a step which is highly unpopular with the Austrian working class and has led to the resignation from the Government of the solitary Communist Minister, Dr. Altmann. The Russian attitude, however, has yet to be disclosed, and reports—with or without foundation—have been current in Vienna that, if there is no agreement at the Big Four Conference in London, the Russians may refuse to recognise the new currency in their Zone, thereby completing the *de facto* partitioning of Austria.

Congress Talks

The "quick and easy" part of the European Recovery Programme looks as if it may not be so quick, or so easy, after all. Senator Vandenberg, in his speech, raised the level of discussion from the purely anti-Communist approach to the conception of a rehabilitated Europe which might then reunite East and West peaceably. But such a level has not been and will not be maintained. Even Mr. Truman's advisers, who are fairly hard-boiled, are said to be disturbed at the purely anti-Soviet flavour of the debate so far; the Western European countries are spoken of by many Congressmen as so many mercenaries in the struggle with Russia. Warm hearts and cold wars go ill together. The decision in the House of Representatives to reduce the amount of interim aid to Europe, and to send more to China, introduces a completely unexpected controversy into what had been regarded as a measure that would receive unanimous approval. It will probably have the result of postponing a decision at least until Christmas; and, since the Appropriations Committee under Senator Bridges has not yet produced a Bill to provide the actual funds, possibly even later.

Dawes Plan for Europe ?

Meanwhile the long-term E.R.P. plan is still being considered in the background. The report of the Herter Committee (which toured Europe to inform the House about the need for aid) has passed almost unnoticed in the British press, though it is of great importance. There were some uncompromising isolationists on the Committee, but its findings are unanimous in favour of supporting aid on lines similar to the Paris report. However, to achieve unanimity some very large concessions were made to the isolationists. There is the demand (awkward in view of the freedom of the press) that full and continuous publicity should be given to American aid. There is also the presumption that all the aid will be paid for—capital equipment and raw materials in dollars; food, fuel and fertilisers in local currency. The proposal, which could make the whole aid programme unacceptable to many European countries, is that the local currency which would thus accrue should be administered by a board with a majority of American members. In spite of all sorts of guarantees that the money would only be used for the best interests of all parties, such an arrangement would give the Communists a perfect excuse for cries about American imperialism; and many non-Communists would find themselves unable to disagree. Were they to be adopted, the Herter proposals would turn the Marshall Plan into something disagreeably reminiscent of the Dawes scheme for Germany.

The Struggle in Italy

The Italian Parliament having passed a new law providing for *post factum* penalties against "violent activity" by Fascist or Monarchist organisations, the political contest between the Italian Communists and Signor de Gasperi's Christian Democrats appears to be shifting from the agrarian South to the industrial areas of Lombardy. The Italian Confederation of Labour has chosen to fight not, like the French C.G.T., on the wages issue but on the question of control of industry. At a mass meeting of shop stewards in Milan, Luigi Longo, the Communist leader, demanded the establishment in all industries of "management councils, which can very well take the place of owners whom we consider to be incapable of running their own industry." This is a move which the Government may find it more difficult to counter than the recent sporadic attacks on Fascist offices.

The Partition Issue

Will the Assembly give the necessary two-thirds majority vote in favour of partition? Conscientious delegates, like Sir Carl Berensen of New Zealand, were faced with an appalling dilemma. No disinterested voice has been raised in favour of the Arab viewpoint that Palestine must be treated exactly like any other Arab country. The general feeling at Lake Success is that the majority report was statesmanlike in its realisation that independence for Palestine must be based on the acceptance of two nations both demanding statehood. But delegates could not vote happily for partition when the attitude of the Powers chiefly concerned made implementation without bloodshed almost impossible. Britain, after imposing the White Paper policy by armed force for two years, appeals to Uno; but then refuses to accept even a minor share of the responsibility for enforcing the Uno decision. And the U.S.A., chief protagonist of partition, shows only too clearly her unwillingness to commit a single American soldier on behalf of her own recommendation. It would be difficult to say whether the British or the Americans have behaved with more sanctimonious obstructiveness. The attitude of the U.S.S.R. has been comparatively correct. But the problem remains. When British troops are disengaged and the Uno Commission replaces the High Commissioner, what force will be available to guarantee the frontiers of the two States?

Tempora Mutantur

The final passing of the Poor Law, after nearly five centuries of development and decay, is a notable historical event; and the Government's National Assistance Bill, which is to achieve this result, seems likely to be passed into law almost as a non-controversial measure. Mr. Walter Elliot is as much in favour of it as Mr. Griffiths, who is in charge of it; for almost everyone now recognises that the natural sequel to all-round social insurance and the transfer of institutional services to the local authorities is that there should be a nationally unified system for filling in the gaps. Not the least remarkable feature of the situation is the transformation of the once heartily hated U.A.B., *via* its second incarnation as the A.B., into the N.A.B. amid general applause. For the U.A.B. was the child of the "National" Government and the economic crisis, and was created on the request of the economisers at the expense of the unemployed. It had been half changed in its nature before 1939; and the war, in laying on it new duties of supplementary assistance, completed its metamorphosis into a generally acceptable agency of social service. Under the new Bill, it takes over from the P.A.C.s, the direct descendants of the hated Boards of Guardians set up in 1834, the last relics of the old Poor Law system. Thus is the Webbs' work in connection with the famous Poor Law Commission of 1909 consummated after nearly forty years; and nobody raises a finger in defence of the old system, which was formerly regarded as the foremost defence of the capitalist labour market against the improvident and the idle. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

The Advertising Tax

Sir Stafford Cripps has expressed readiness to consider modifications in the clause in the Finance Bill providing that only 50 per cent. of firms' advertising expenditure can in future be deducted, as an "expense," before taxable profits are computed. The Advertising Association has complained that this is "unfair," since firms which do not advertise, but employ a host of canvassers or travellers, will go scot-free. The new tax ruling is admittedly crude, in the sense that it draws no distinction between advertising which is informative and that which is designed—at present most undesirably—to stimulate consumption. But Sir Stafford is on firm ground in arguing that much advertising is inflationary in the sense that it operates "to induce people to want goods that are not there." Administratively it would be hard to distinguish between the "informative" and the "persuasive" announcement. Indeed, surely the logic of the Advertising Association's argument—and of the Cripps Plan—points to disallowing 50 per cent. of *all* expenditure on "sales-promotion" in the home, as opposed to the export, market.

Gravesend

The result of Gravesend should finally dispose of the Opposition's claim that the municipal elections show that the Government has lost the support of the country. In the municipal elections Labour was outvoted by three to one, according to *The Times*. However, the bye-election margin is not large enough to justify any Government complacency. The victory was won by a forceful candidate who explained the facts simply and had the aid of a first-rate organisation. Everyone knew that Sir Richard Acland was a Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Consequently, the Labour municipal vote was more than doubled and the anti-Socialists dropped nearly ten thousand. The chief moral would seem to be that the majority of voters will stand by the Government and put up with poor rations always provided that they are convinced that these austerities are absolutely unavoidable. But the Government must not draw the totally erroneous conclusion that the electorate will put up with further food cuts if, as the Party is beginning to believe, other forms of economy are available.

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PARLIAMENT: Potatoes and Totes

Wednesday

On Monday the House met to bury the Poor Law. Nye Bevan moved a second reading of the National Assistance Bill, and conducted the obsequies with feeling and wit. In less troubled times, this would have been a great occasion, enlivened by memories of Poplar and the Clydeside, and by some fierce doubts on the part of old guard Left-wingers lest nationalisation may involve dehumanisation too. But this House of Commons lives in the present; it only filled up to hear the Tory Prayer against potato rationing. Mr. Reid, speaking on a subject which stirs passions in a million hearts, contrived to be even slower and duller than usual. Mindful of Gravesend, he took the sting out of the attack by announcing that the Opposition would not vote against the Order. The best speech of the evening came from Mr. Thornton-Kemsley, who had dug up some embarrassing figures which seemed to show that by any calculation we cannot go on receiving three pounds a head for very long. The Government back-benchers barracked uneasily. John Strachey's reply was very *piano*. The House was surprised to hear that Mr. Bevin's premature hint of rationing had done "no great harm," and disturbed that Strachey's figures did not differ greatly from Thornton-Kemsley's.

Late at night, speaking on Fascist activity in Hackney, Harry Hynd showed how much can be packed into an adjournment speech and presented Kenneth Younger, who replied for the Government, with a delicate task. Through lack of experience, he failed to play out time and so permitted D. N. Pritt to begin what would have developed into a very damaging attack on the Home Secretary.

The second reading of the Finance Bill passed without a division for the odd reason, given by Crookshank, that the Opposition thought the Government was going the wrong way about the Budget. It was a patchy day, as all such wide debates are when not crystallised by an amendment. Attention chiefly centred on the taxes on profits, advertisements and betting, with occasional mentions of the food subsidies and the schooldays of Sir A. P. Herbert and Sir Stafford Cripps.

The Junior Burgess (Oxon.) was in his liveliest mood, and quickly filled the previously empty House. Apart from congratulating the Chancellor on having once given him his football colours, he made a handsome offer to "go to the dogs" with him. He pointed out the dangers and illogicalities of the present betting tax, which made a horse backer through the tote a helper in the export drive, a dog backer who used the tote a worthy tax-payer, and a punter who deals with bookies a low fellow rewarded by getting better odds.

Wyatt was so enthusiastic in his support of Herbert that he was anxious to nationalise every form of betting and start national lotteries as well. Dr. Morgan wanted to know if the introduction of a betting tax meant that we could now expect one on prostitution; but the general weight of opinion was that the Chancellor should now advance against betting on a wide front—a view to which he seemed inclined to concede a little.

Eccles ably presented the now familiar case for reducing the food subsidies, with the new bait that raising prices somehow doubles the supplies. McAllister combined with Haughton to attack the advertising tax, and most Tories found ways of introducing into their speeches an indictment of the new imposition on profits.

Cripps, in winding up, made his lightest and wittiest speech of this Parliament. As one backbencher remarked, "he gives it them worse than Dalton did." He particularly enjoyed himself in the reiteration of the horrible word "quantify" which he emphasised for the discomfort of those who showed dislike of it. He also expressed the hope that co-operation between the new Chancellor and Sir Stafford Cripps—financial Jekyll and planner Hyde?—would be as good as it had been between himself and the previous Chancellor. And, best of all for the Socialists, he was even more emphatic in his defence of food subsidies than he was in his last speech.

PHINEAS INC.

THE FOOD CRISIS

Food, as everyone who has studied the by-elections knows, has become the dominant political question. By exploiting the cares of the housewife, the Tory party achieved its municipal victory; and it was to the housewife that "Potato" Taylor appealed in Gravesend. A vigorous Government counter-offensive, combined with President Truman's demand for the re-imposition of rationing in the U.S.A., checked the completely irresponsible campaign against controls as such; and Gravesend was held, by a small margin, for Labour. But as the winter progresses, and the effects of the import cuts make themselves felt in the home, the food shortage may well develop into a food crisis which threatens not only the Government's electoral position, but the country's productive effort, and even the rationing system itself. This is a danger which no Government can accept with equanimity if there is any practicable way of forestalling it.

It is doubtful whether the man in the street yet realises how much he must tighten his belt in the coming months. Mr. Strachey has already stated that the combined effects of the import cuts and potato rationing will be to reduce the average calory consumption to 2,700, well below the danger point. Granted the "tolerance" of a food distribution system under which large numbers of families have access to extra foodstuffs outside the official sources, this must mean that by next March a considerable proportion of the population will be in danger of malnutrition. Moreover, we must not forget that during the same period pointed goods will grow steadily scarcer, and, judging from Mr. Strachey's statement in the House last week, it is only too probable that the potato ration will have to be reduced. The rationing system will therefore be stretched to breaking point. Many people will be ready and eager to pay black market prices for the food they will seriously need. The large-scale illegal pig slaughtering which has already begun is a pointer to what must become a general breakdown of public co-operation, if austerity is driven beyond tolerable limits. For rationing depends on public approval and public morality. As we can see in France and Italy, once public confidence in rationing is undermined, it is impossible to control the black market.

The effect of an intolerable austerity on our balance of payments would be equally disastrous. A sharp decline in coal and steel production, for instance, resulting from excessive ration cuts, would far outweigh the dollar economies achieved by those cuts. But such a decline is by no means impossible if the Government continues to refuse to buy available food and feeding stuffs in order to conserve its dwindling dollar resources.

We are back at the old problem of priorities. Should food imports be given precedence over raw material imports? What amount of our resources should be spent on overseas Forces which, as Hugh Dalton rightly observed at Margate, are the most unproductive form of invisible imports? Should our foreign investments be mobilised now to meet the food crisis as they were to meet the armaments crisis of 1940?

There is no easy answer to these questions except the general principle that a collapse of production and of the rationing system next spring would be defeats which this country simply could not afford. If, as many observers believe, these defeats will be made inevitable by the Government's present food policy, then that policy must be changed even at the cost of re-arranging the order of priorities worked out in the Cripps Plan. One thing at least could be done, without spending a single dollar—a reversal of the strange decision to reduce the sugar ration next January to its old level, although well over a year's supply has already been purchased. A little extra sugar for the housewife and the manufacturers would do something to make up for the loss of filling foodstuffs caused by potato rationing.

But when we look beyond sugar to bacon and pointed goods, it is clear that the Government cannot modify its austerity plans for this winter without spending further large amounts of dollars. Apart from cutting imports of raw materials, which is out of the question, there are only two ways of making this possible—cuts in our overseas commitments and the mobilisation of some of our foreign investments for the acquisition of dollars.

Unfortunately, further cuts in the armed forces, necessary though they are, will not be immediately effective in making dollars available. Nevertheless, they must be undertaken. It would be intolerable, for instance, if Service estimates to the tune of £750 millions were presented, next March, to a hungry people, and if it were decided to spend dollars on keeping a large army in Germany at the cost of malnutrition at home. The Service estimates must be prepared in the light of the conditions which will prevail next spring, and made commensurate with the grim reality of the austerity which is contemplated for the people of this country.

But even the most drastic economies in this field will be insufficient or too slow in their operation to meet the immediate food crisis. What we need are dollars at once to purchase such food and animal feeding stuffs as are available on the world markets; and the question arises whether we have not reached the point where the Government should consider realising a portion of the capital accumulated in foreign investments in order to bridge this winter's nutritional gap.

No one should underrate the gravity of such a decision, were it made. Our foreign investments, already sadly depleted before 1939, were once again reduced during the war months before Lend-Lease, and now brings in only £150,000,000 a year. We can ill-afford to reduce them still further. But what if the alternative is a food crisis which may threaten the industrial recovery already achieved and destroy any chance of achieving a trade balance for many years? If this is indeed the case—and only the Chancellor and the Ministry of Food can know whether it is—then the sale of some foreign investments in order to avoid it would not be a spendthrift or a panic measure, but a bold act of political strategy.

WORLD TRADE UNIONISM

(From a Special Correspondent)

In these days, when everything that touches the realm of international affairs becomes the pawn of power politics, trade unionism can hardly be expected to escape the common fate. Yet it will be a misfortune if the World Federation of Trade Unions, which was launched with high hopes but two years ago, falls a prey to the strategy of the "cold war." That it is threatened with this fate is plain enough; that it can survive at all is almost too much to look for. It is in danger from more than one quarter. On the American continent the American Federation of Labour, which from the outset refused to join it because the Soviet trade unions were among its members, is now attempting to create a rival Pan-American combination in hostility to its regional constituents, the Congress of Industrial Organisation and the Confederation of Workers of Latin America. In Western Europe a rift has opened up between trade unionists who favour the Marshall Plan and trade unionists who side with the Soviet Union in opposing it.

This conflict, most acute at present in France, exists everywhere where Communism is an influence of importance in the trade union movement. The C.I.O., the United States constituent of the W.F.T.U., though the A.F. of L. leaders accuse it of being under Communist domination, favours the Marshall Plan, and is thus ranged with the British Trades Union Congress against the Soviet trade unions. The French C.G.T., on the other

hand, is predominantly on the Communist side, and is itself threatened with an internal split on this account. The separate trade federations—transport workers, textile workers, miners, and so on—which the W.F.T.U. was expecting to absorb as "trade departments," are hesitating to come into a body which may at any moment fall asunder and involve them in its ruin. The transport workers, the most important of these functional internationals, have already refused to come in—a decision the more significant because its president, Arthur Deakin, is also president of the W.F.T.U. itself.

The trouble extends to the I.L.O. and to Uno. The British and most of the Western movements value their connection with the I.L.O., whereas the Soviet trade unions will have nothing to do with it, and the C.I.O. has a particular quarrel with it because it has not been accorded equal status in it with the A.F. of L. As for Uno, the W.F.T.U. has been pressing its claim for fuller recognition in connection with the Economic and Social Council; but can the assumption that the W.F.T.U. will be able to speak with a united voice on behalf of world trade unionism be sustained in face of its internal conflicts over such matters as the Marshall Plan?

The W.F.T.U. was born into a world situation that rested on the assumptions of Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco—namely, that the collaboration of the anti-Fascist Powers would outlast Fascism's military defeat. It was created by the combined efforts of the British and the Soviet trade union movements, already united by a joint committee (on which high hopes were based) with the French C.G.T. and the American C.I.O. The A.F. of L. fought it outright from the very beginning; but for the time being the A.F. of L. was practically isolated. It was, of course, a serious weakness that there existed in the United States two mutually hostile trade union movements, neither of which could speak for American labour with any final authority. But, at that time, the C.I.O.'s star seemed to be in the ascendant, and the struggle for power within it between rival conceptions of trade unionism had barely begun to show its effects. In France the trade union movement seemed to have achieved solid unity after its long period of schism between the wars. The British trade unions, almost untroubled by ideological conflicts within their ranks and holding a middle position corresponding to that of the Labour Party in politics, were able to take the lead in building up a united trade union international and in persuading the old Amsterdam International Federation to merge itself in the new body. At a time when international Socialist unity seemed to be impracticable because of unbridgeable differences between Communist and Democratic Socialist conceptions, trade union solidarity seemed to be attainable on a world-wide basis, with only the conservative, anti-Socialist American Federation of Labour standing sullenly aloof.

But now? Even if differences can be glazed over for the moment and the pretence of international solidarity procured, the W.F.T.U. is ceasing to count as a factor in world affairs. It may stand, in name, for re-establishing a united trade union movement in Germany; but it cannot avoid falling out about the very foundations on which such a movement is to be built up. For, there as elsewhere, the same issues arise over trade unionism as divide the Socialist and Communist Parties in the political sphere. The question "What is trade union democracy?" provokes the same conflicting answers as the question "What is political democracy?" The issue whether the trade union movements of Europe are to set out to aid, or to obstruct, the Marshall Plan, and the programmes of dollar-financed recovery that are linked to it, can by no means be evaded. It has come to a head in France already, because in France the Communist struggle against the "third force" has already reached an acute stage.

What has still to be seen clearly is whether, in the W.F.T.U. itself, the Soviet trade unions and their backers in other countries wish to force this issue at once, or to hold back. The question is whether, on the Communist side, the new tactics which inspired the establishment of the Cominform will be extended to the industrial field, and whether, on the other side, the T.U.C., or perhaps the C.I.O., will seek to force the issue of trade union co-operation in measures of European recovery. If either side does take the line of pressing for decision, the W.F.T.U. is bound to be shattered; but it is still possible that both will recoil from the inevitable consequences of such a policy. They may do so, because it is even more disastrous to split the working class industrially than politically. Rival working-class parties are not reduced to impotence except in face of really revolutionary situations: rival trade union movements, save under very exceptional circumstances, are fatally weakened for their everyday tasks of collective bargaining and of protecting their members' standards of life. If this is not necessarily the case in America, it is only because, on the whole, the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. organise different industries. It certainly was the case in France between the wars, with the rivals—the C.G.T. and the C.G.T. Unitaire—in internecine conflict over a large part of the industrial field.

In the Soviet Union, of course, this problem does not exist, for the Soviet trade unions form an integral and compulsorily unified element in the machinery of government. The position is much the same in those countries which have been brought under institutional systems essentially of the Soviet type. It is not the same in Czechoslovakia, even though Communist influence is dominant in the trade unions; for the domination is not a fixed and unalterable fact bound up with the whole structure of government and security. Much less is it the same in Austria or in Italy or in Germany, or—most important of all for the immediate future—in France. Nothing would help more to destroy the last chances of the Republic's survival and to ensure a Gaullist counter-revolution than the fragmentation of French trade unionism into warring factions of Communists, "Trotskyists," Syndicalists, Socialists, Christian Democrats, and heaven knows how many more. The British trade unions, faced with no such danger at home, need continually to remind themselves of the peril that besets their neighbours; for the nature of this peril makes it worth while to cling even to a nominal unity as long as there remains any hope of an "about turn" in world political relations. Nor should it be left out of mind that, as long as the W.F.T.U. can preserve even a shadowy unity, its very existence is of some help to the trade unions of the "in between" countries and may do something to prevent the "curtain" between East and West from being impervious to attempts at economic as well as political intercommunication.

Yet, important as it is to hold the W.F.T.U. together, if it can be held, the trade union movements of Western Europe and of the British Dominions cannot afford to remain merely passive in the hope of avoiding a breach. If the Western countries need—quite apart from possibilities of U.S. aid—a common economic plan to save themselves from disaster, the trade union movements of these countries cannot afford to stand aside from taking part in the shaping of this plan. They must act together, not merely in seeking to shape the conditions of American aid, but in using that aid as the instrument of a collective endeavour to recover their independence and the power to define their own policies in relation both to the United States and to the Soviet Union. If there ought to be, much more than there is, common planning between the governments of the "middle group," so ought there to be common action between the trade union movements concerned. This necessity must even, if need be, override the desirability of keeping the W.F.T.U. in being; but it may still be possible to do both, and this last is assuredly the policy which, for the immediate future, the leaders of British trade unionism ought to pursue.

A LONDON DIARY

I SPENT last week-end in Berlin, arriving in the middle of the "sensation" caused by Marshal Sokolovsky's explosive document. As an indictment of American and British failure to carry out the terms of Potsdam, it was not a very powerful manifesto, though it contained, of course, some percentage of truth. Most of the charges had been discussed often enough in the Kommandatura, and it would be easy for Britain and America to counter with similar charges about the Soviet Zone. The attack was not violently phrased; it included no reference to "Fascist beasts." Its importance was that the Soviet Union should have thought it worth while to launch an attack at the last meeting of the Kommandatura before the London Conference without giving the British and Americans time for private or public reply. General Clay at once demanded that it be generally circulated. He also called a press conference, which I attended. It met in an atmosphere of considerable excitement. Every journalist there knew only a few weeks had passed since General Clay had openly inaugurated an anti-Soviet press and wireless campaign in reply to the anti-Imperialist talk emanating from Moscow. He had been pretty fierce on that occasion. The British, by the way, had refused to take part in this American counter-attack, which was regarded in official and non-official British circles as hysterical and unnecessarily bellicose. But at this press conference General Clay disappointed those who hoped for fireworks. He is a remarkable figure. He looks like a Roman emperor and has an imperious reputation. A man of great capacity, he is tough, a hard bargainer, and in every way formidable. On this occasion he avoided saying a word to encourage red-baiting journalism. But it was clear that he was shocked. He has always been among those who have hoped for a working agreement with the U.S.S.R., and is known to be on the best of personal terms with Marshal Sokolovsky. People forget that the Four Powers have worked together in Berlin for more than two years, and reached some 900 joint administrative decisions. Now, clearly, General Clay is wondering whether the Russians mean to break up quadripartite government. I suspect that we have once again fallen between two stools. If the Generals had been alone in charge of Berlin, they might well have got along together on the basis of spheres of influence. But the Generals have not been left alone to make military agreements. The Politburo, the State Department and the Foreign Office have all taken a hand.

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The possibility of a sharp break in London and an effective division of Germany into two Zones fills every informed person with perplexity and alarm. All the German parties and all the individual Germans I met insisted, first and foremost, on retention of German unity, though the Communists slide over the question of the eastern frontiers, boasting of the single Communist vote against the detachment of the Saar, while the anti-Communists, led by Kurt Schumacher, shout most loudly about the loss of the eastern territories. The unity of Germany is the one strong Communist card. The British Civil Control Commission, now wholly run by the Foreign Office, is, in my view, much too confident about the prospect of America and Britain being able to make a viable Western German State, and much too assured in saying that the Russians have stripped their Zone to such an extent that it is becoming an economic liability. Germans who live and work in the Russian Zone are usually bitterly hostile to Russian methods—everyone talks of the insecurity of life and the activities of the N.K.V.D.—but they do not agree that conditions under the Soviet administration are getting worse. Some say that the Russians are successful in their economic organisation; they find them good administrators and perfectly capable at short notice of passing over to the Germans a large part of the production that is now taken as reparations into Russia.

Berlin, of course, would present the most difficult of problems if quadrupartite government was given up. It is now an island within the Russian Zone, and the Russians could make life almost impossible for the British and Americans there if they chose. Moreover, a division into two Zones means a customs barrier and currency control down the middle of Germany. Currency reform is the first of all necessities for Germany. How could joint occupation of Berlin continue if an economic barrier was created? Yet the Americans, in declaring their intention to build a Western Germany, also declare that they will never leave Berlin. Have the Americans thought these things through? They insist on a form of loose federal organisation in the West, which is quite incompatible with economic efficiency, and in the name of private enterprise they discuss the planning of the economy of Western Germany.

* * *

Rumour has it that the Russians intend to suggest that all the occupying Forces leave Germany. The American reply is that this would mean Soviet withdrawal to the Polish frontier and the American withdrawal to the other side of the Atlantic; any nationalist or anti-Soviet speech or action by a member of any German Government would serve as an excuse for renewed Soviet occupation, while nothing short of war would bring back the G.I.s to Germany. But that does not dispose of the matter from the British point of view. In a war, Britain and most of Europe are simply expendible. Can we afford, either financially or strategically, to stay in Germany purely as part of the American Forces, necessarily involved in any American-Soviet quarrel, whether it begins in Korea or Germany? For many reasons it could be most unhappy for us to leave Germany. But if the breach between America and Russia becomes absolute, it will be necessary, in the interests of the survival of Britain, seriously to consider British withdrawal.

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A few people have written to me that the Royal Wedding was an extravagant and ostentatious waste of money; and complained that the press over-sentimentalised an event which ought to have been settled quietly and privately. I wonder if my correspondents would have thought the same if they had been inside the Abbey. I should be insincere if I did not admit that I thoroughly and unashamedly enjoyed it. I confess that I went to the wedding as one might go to a circus or to watch the Lord Mayor's Show go by. I found myself moved and impressed, from the moment that I started to drive through the vast patient crowds lining the Mall and Whitehall. They were truly crowds in the sense that they were no longer composed of individuals but had acquired a collective personality of their own. With whatever motive they had set out, they had become participants in an ancient ceremony, partly symbolic and partly religious. It was no doubt because my head was full of thoughts like these that I nearly failed altogether to find my place high above the Great West Door of the Abbey. The opening to the press gallery had no sign on it, and I plodded past it, on and on, up the spiral stone staircase, until a man ahead of me turned round and asked me if I was one of the bellringers.

* * *

I could not have had a better view of the seemingly endless processions of dignity, grace and colour that unfolded themselves below me. In the colour combinations I was most struck by the vestments of the clergy and the choristers, whose slow convolutions were executed with perfect artistry. Against this splendid background the service itself was admirably simple and effective. The fanfares of trumpets, two of them especially composed by Sir Arnold Bax, were played from behind the altar and did exactly what trumpets should do—excited and at the same time stilled. I cannot swear whether the bride looked lovely or not; I was not near enough to see her face. But her dress did, and her entrance compelled an absolute quiet, even among the pressmen. The Royal guests all played their parts excellently, allowing themselves to be marshalled and led in processions like so many well-behaved Boy Scouts. The congregation were not quite so good. They got off to a false start by standing up for the procession of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, perhaps mistaking them for a procession of foreign Royalty or visiting clergy. Among the guests it was Mr. Churchill who stole the show. Like the others, including the Prime Minister, he should have been in his place by 10.45. Instead, he waited until all were seated, arriving immediately before the first of the Royal processions was due to start. Walking slowly up the whole length of the aisle, with Mrs. Churchill, he had a minor procession of his own, graciously acknowledging the salutes of the standing congregation on either side of him. It was not surprising that at such a show our greatest showman got one of the loudest cheers of the day.

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I am sorry that Mr. Gerald Barry is leaving the *News Chronicle*, which he has edited with much distinction since 1936. It has been a difficult job, because the *News Chronicle* has to maintain its position as one of the popular dailies, and also to keep its tradition of serious discussion of public affairs. Compromise is written all over it, but it retains much of its traditional radicalism and is still the most useful of the dailies for progressive people who regard the *Daily Herald* as too much the official organ of the Labour Party. Gerald Barry first swam into public consciousness when, for a time, he made the *Saturday Review* a brilliant paper, and resigned from it because of an attempt to alter its policy over his head. He was able to start the *Week-End Review*, to which he took most of his famous team. For three years in the slump it was a scintillating paper, but the slump won. I well remember learning one day that the paper was shutting down, and that Barry had accepted a position on the *News Chronicle*. The *N. S. & N.* was then offered the *Week-End's* copyright—a good investment, which enabled us to carry on the tradition of its competition and *This England* columns. (It will be noticed that we did not gobble up the *Week-End Review*, as has been asserted in some quarters, any more than the *Nation* gobbled up the *Speaker* or than the *New Statesman* gobbled up the *Nation* when the two amalgamated in 1931. No comparison can be drawn between the natural death or voluntary amalgamation of newspapers and the process by which big finance gobbles up papers which are going concerns.) Gerald Barry is an admirable writer, with a wide experience of home and foreign affairs, and I hope that his name will appear among the contributors to the *N. S. & N.*

CRITIC

THE MINISTRY OF WITCHES

First fill in in triplicate
Your name, or names, and further state
Your status (Mr., Mrs., Miss)
(Block capitals, of course, for this).
The surname must be written first,
With all the other names reversed;
Or, if preferred, the names may be
Re-sorted alphabetic'lly,
Provided that no Christian name
Or surname may retain the same
Or any other order near
Or similar to that shown here.
Hurry, rabble! Take more trouble!
Fill this form in at the double!

What diseases have you had?
Are they cured yet? Are you mad?
Have you scabies? Have you lice?
Do you practise any vice?
If so which? (Here briefly state
Why you started, and the date).
Do you wear a truss? Or specs?
Are they concave or convex?
Are you ugly? Please expose
Each deformity that shows,
Or doesn't. Have you moles or spots
On trunk or limbs? (State "few" or "lots";
Also where the worst are set).
Are your parents married yet?
If not, why not? State their sex.
Are they cretins? Morons? Wrecks?
Are you clean between the toes?
Frankly, do you pick your nose?
Hurry, rabble! Still more trouble!
Fill this form in at the double!

Now be careful. Read this form
Back to front; then take the norm,
Hereinafter called the net;
This divide in two, and set
Both, or either, under what,
In the last, is called, or not,
May be, or has been, the same,
The above, or inset, name.
If the quotient comes to X,
Probably you'll change your sex.
If the quotient comes to Y,
That's a sign you're going to die.
If the quotient comes to Z,
—(See under another head).
Everyone must now conform
To the very strictest norm,
And if anything is lost,
The penalty is death, plus cost.
Hurry, rabble! End this trouble!
Down the hill, swine! At the double!

SANDY WALTON

FROM MORGENTHAU TO MARSHALL

The other day in the showy palace of the Krupp Dynasty, where the German Coal Board is housed, an optimistic British official was describing for us the slow but steady rise in the output of its mines. As we drove away, past the incredible ruins of Essen, some trick of memory reminded me of the Morgenthau Plan. It proposed that "all equipment shall be removed from the mines and the mines closed." At Quebec, under Mr. Roosevelt's persuasion, this Plan was endorsed and initialled by Mr. Churchill. What was it that exposed the economic illiteracy of this scheme of revenge? The first exposure of its absurdity came from the French. They needed the coal of the Ruhr for their own industries and they are still pressing impatiently for increased deliveries. Step by step, since the hour of victory, we have been discarding our fears and realising that the German economy is an asset which must play a vital and even a central part in the recovery of Europe.

From the Morgenthau Plan of destruction we have moved on to the Marshall Plan of restoration. But the dead hand of the past still guides us in much that we are doing, and our administrative machine blindly executes the now obsolete decisions taken at Yalta and Potsdam. As recently as March, 1946, it was still our purpose to limit German steel production to 5.8 million tons a year, and the total number of industrial plants which we proposed to dismantle then stood at 1,636. The new level of industry fixed in August, 1947, was based on a yearly output of 10.7 tons of steel and the number of plants to be dismantled was cut to 682. This, it was reckoned, would allow the Germans to reach an industrial output equal to that of 1936. That sounds reassuring: their present level is 38 per cent. of pre-war. But this is a ceiling which is to limit Germany's development in the foreseeable future. The United States has doubled its industrial output since the war. Can Europe expect one day to balance that lopsided increase, if its central German workshop is restricted to this out-of-date level?

Seen from a German angle this talk of a return to the level of 1936 is a mere illusion. It does not promise the pre-war standard of life. Germany in the interval has lost in the East the only part of her territories which yielded a surplus of agricultural produce. The Saar with its coalfield

has gone to France. Into the rump of the Reich is packed a destitute additional population nearing 12 millions. Its capital resources have been further reduced by the ravages of war. Thus in the British Zone alone, out of 5½ million dwellings, 1.6 millions have been destroyed and 1.4 millions damaged. To this one has to add the destruction by bombardment of much industrial plant, the deterioration of the railways and roads, the decrease of live stock, the waste in the forests, and the loss of soil fertility through the lack of fertilisers. The balance of age and sex in the working population has been upset for a generation to come; of women and the aged there are too many, of the younger men too few. Finally, Germany has lost her ocean-going mercantile fleet and is forbidden to build or acquire another. In these conditions when eventually, some years hence, Germany achieves an international balance of payments, her standard of life will be far below that of 1936. Then she imported 20 per cent. of her food, including such "luxuries" as butter, fruit, tobacco and coffee. Now she will have to import at least 50 per cent. The ablest of the economic experts in the C.C.G. whom I consulted guessed that her standard of life, excluding all such imported "luxuries," will fall to one-third below the pre-war level. That means, I take it, a daily average diet of about 1,800 calories, on which no nation could in the long run work. How much, as workshop or as market, could such a State contribute to the recovery of its neighbours?

It is in the light of this prospect that we have to judge the present programme of dismantling, reduced though it is. The only hope for the future lies manifestly in a rapid expansion of Germany's industries and especially of those which work for export. But this programme starts by eliminating the biggest and best equipped of her iron and steel plants. It is the contention of German experts that to attain an output of 10.7 million tons of steel with what is left will be impossible. To accept the figures of interested experts would be naive, but our delay in consulting them (now made good) was unfortunate. Apart from this query, after a visit to the Ruhr I am convinced that the plan, as it stands, is unworkable and indefensible. In so far as it proposes to dismantle plants which primarily produced armaments, it is above criticism. But in the Ruhr, according to the official classification, such plants account only for 43 out of 294 doomed concerns. Of the rest, the first thing to be said is that a high proportion of them serve the essential key industries, which cannot dispense with them. Among the reasons for the low output of the coal mines is that their mechanical equipment is worn out, and much of it was injured by bombardment. The Miners' Union (if I may repeat a fact I have already stated) reckons that 97 of these firms supply the mines with winding gear, pumping machinery, conveyor belts, compressors, locomotives, cables and the like. One firm (Demag No. 167) was said to be irreplaceable. Another (Deerken No. 171) has hitherto enjoyed every possible priority because it repaired railway rolling stock. The Engineers' Union could show that the dismantling of certain other firms would cut off from the automobile and lorry industry 80 per cent. of its supply of springs. A relatively small firm (Westfälische Drahtindustrie No. 117) which makes wire seems to be indispensable at once to the mines (to which it supplies a great part of their wire-ropes), to the railways and the Post Office. Other firms (e.g., No. 125) make fertilisers of which the farmers are in desperate need. The shortage of soap comes next to the shortage of food in the housewife's anxieties and has reached a point that endangers health. Why then must Henkel's (Persil, No. 129), the biggest soap factory in Germany, be destroyed? The removal of three firms (Nos. 45, 46, 47) which make high-quality steel (Edelstahl) will cripple the cutlery trade of Solingen and eliminate one of the most valuable of German exports.

The shock from the publication of this list fell even more heavily on the men and their unions than on the employers. The latter will be compensated by the future German State, but the skilled men will not easily find other work in their own trades: worst still, if they have to remove, they cannot find a lodging in the overcrowded remnants of these ruined towns. They asked what all this machinery, much of it already old, will be worth when it has been taken to pieces, packed, transported and re-erected in England or in India—a process that may occupy three or four years. Would not the saner course be to set the Ruhr to construct good new machines to meet the just claim for reparations? At the least dismantling should be postponed until after the Foreign Ministers' Conference has made it easier than it is to-day to forecast Germany's future. So much could be conceded without loss of prestige.

It lies with us to take this decision, for the Americans, since they threw over the Morgenthau Plan, have not been keen on dismantling. We have to face the suspicion, which American and French observers voice as loudly as the Germans, that a main purpose of our economic policy has been to delay the recovery of an industrial competitor. Wherever it has been busy, requisitioning single machines under the "multilateral" scheme, or copying the blueprints of machinery which German firms are constructing for foreign customers, our "T. Force" has left a trail of suspicion behind it. At first the Board of Trade was restrained by the reckoning that Germany could pay only by exports for the food we were providing. Since we transferred this burden to American shoulders that ground for caution has gone. It is not a defensible arrangement that we should fix the prices at which German firms may sell abroad. This will end one day; but the gravest and most lasting injury we have inflicted, not merely on a competitor but on the world at large, is by our prohibition of the building or owning of ships above 1,550 tons. And yet we constantly complain of the world shortage of shipping. This prohibition cannot be maintained for ever: why not abandon it now, before it finally embitters and ruins the friendly and democratic city of Hamburg?

These so far are negative counsels: let us stop dismantling and discard our shortsighted competitive outlook. But that will not avail to raise the present level of industrial output (say, 38 per cent. of pre-war) while exports, valued for the year at £50 millions, stand at about one-tenth of the value of imported foods and raw materials. Everyone realises that the most obvious obstacle to progress is the short coal supply and, secondly, the deficiency of transport. But to my thinking the root of the evil still is and always has been the food shortage. The output of the mines is at last rising steadily, only because the men are now better able than they were to feed their families, thanks to a rise in wages and the new points system; though they are still far from having enough either of fats or clothing or boots. Had this system, or a more generous variation of it, been adopted a year earlier, to-day's outlook would have been more cheerful than it is. For two reasons in every field of effort the provision of food is the decisive factor. First, the listlessness, the apathy and the low industrial output of to-day have a physiological cause. The workers lack the stamina to do much more than a third of a full day's work. Secondly, until a sufficient diet is provided—let us say 2,500 calories as compared with our own 2,700—it is folly to suppose that any penal measures, however severe, will put an end to the Black Market. This cancer is ruining a nation's morals, corrupting the administration and destroying every economic plan. Until it can be controlled is there any use in trying to stabilise the currency, though this is urgently necessary? What we have done in the past for Germany, and are doing still, has been too little for recovery and barely enough for survival. We have through two years kept the daily supply of calories up to something between 1,100 and 1,500 —with many local and temporary lapses. These doles will still be necessary for years to come, for at this level Germany cannot be organised to work with all her might for her own salvation. The key to recovery and solvency is to assure for a year a full ration of 2,500 calories. This would in the end cost the Allies less than what they are doing now. But can it, even with Mr. Marshall's help, be done next year, unless America in her abundance will consent to ration her hogs if not her citizens?

I cannot end this economic survey without once more reminding the reader how precarious is the leadership of the convinced democratic minority over the confused apolitical mass. If their mood of hopeless apathy turns to anger, when dismantling actually begins, their resistance will bring with it a revival of nationalism against which we and our friends will preach and teach in vain.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE CUCKOO CRY

It is almost eighty years since Charles Dickens died; and to most people to-day Mrs. Jellaby and her like flash across the memory as the forgotten, but amusing, extravagance of a great novelist. We are even told that, in this age of collectivist activity, a good deal of the scornful, sometimes angry, satire he poured out upon the charity-mongers, and all their works, is evidence of the degree to which he "dates." We have passed beyond all that. It is a new world in which "shabby gentility," the "deserving poor," the zeal to bring the light of Christian truth into darkest Africa, or the zenanas of India, are all of them outmoded. Even the Royal Chelsea Hospital, is merely a picturesque survival, like the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, or the trooping the colour on the King's birthday. At long last we are weary of what that forgotten Victorian, William Rathbone Greg, called in 1845 the "cuckoo cry—always charity and never justice." The modern Boffin does not receive his gilt-edged card of invitation to dinner from the noble lord who will give him the tips of his fingers for that three guineas which, when meal and service and other overhead charges have been paid for, goes to support retired governesses in distress, or the orphans of missionaries who died in their prime while preaching the Gospel to the head-hunters of Borneo.

Every social historian knows that beneath the surface of a changed or changing culture, there linger survivals from past habits so deeply rooted that not even those whose philosophy is built upon a fierce determination to dig them up can refrain, especially if they occupy an official position, from paying a respectful, if hurried, tribute to the esteem in which they are held. Hardly a film première but is held under the auspices of some great lady, assisted by a committee of patronesses, to help this good cause or the other. Not the least reason for objection to a national health service is the deprivation it involves for those brisk and ardent patrons and patronesses, whose balls and bazaars, and flag-days, have helped them so much to exile disturbing thoughts that will, on occasion, insist upon haunting uneasily what might otherwise be minds at rest.

No reader of *The Times* but must have marked the persistence of what Greg called the "cuckoo-cry." It is, as often as not, some ancient maiden lady who has left some hundreds or some thousands to this society, which looks after orphans, or the other, which has found some other object of benevolence. As societies, their architecture is much the same. At the apex of their pyramid there is a little handful of sleek, often able officials, who know, almost to a decimal point, the precise degree of deference owed to each member of their committees. In its middle are the officials whose task it is to see that the public never loses sight of their society's work. They think up bright expedients like getting the orphans to write sweet and humble letters to some kindly foster-parent in Canada or New Zealand or the United States, which may

hope to extract another subscription, or a parcel of slightly used clothes, perhaps with some candy or some toys, and, now and again, a pair of nylon stockings for the "mothers" who are doing the daily work of tending the children. And, at the pyramid's base, there are the matrons and the nurses, sometimes trained, and sometimes not, almost always underpaid on the ground that the task has been undertaken out of missionary zeal, and that the true reward is the contented heart such service brings, as well as the pension on retirement which, in one well-known institution may be as much as fifteen shillings a week.

We have long required a thorough examination of all these ardent efforts. We know far too little of their financial habits, far too little of the outcome of what they do. Is it proportionate to the endless little garden-parties, and the innumerable little bazaars, which proliferate in Britain still, with some titled lady, or the wife of the local M.P., graciously consenting to preside and say a few kind words, while one of the professional fund-raisers of the society runs glibly, if with a certain forced enthusiasm, through the speech made a hundred times before, and only too likely to be made a hundred times again. Who has not visited one of these performances, with its stalls of miscellaneous oddments that the givers no longer need, and the bouquet offered so shyly by the little child from the toddlers' home to the visiting eminence who invited purses to open widely for so noble a work? Who has not read those pathetic annual reports in which this girl writes back to Matron that "she is ever so happy in her new place where the mistress is ever so kind, and she has a room all to herself"; or the boy who reports from Canada that "he has a fine place on the farm," or thinks "there is nothing so grand as a sailor's life"? Or there are the old ladies, in distress after a life of endless toil, devoted to the discreet search for a genteel security never, somehow quite achieved, whose lyric gratitude for election to the annuity of ten pounds a year, or choice as the inmate of an eighteenth-century row of almshouses, where there is neither light nor water, and where the front door gives directly on to the street, makes one sick at heart.

I know that charity can be a beautiful thing, and that, at its best, it ranks high among the virtues. I know that Hannah More is dead, and that few, even among the wives of our clergy, would venture today, upon an effort to rival her achievements. I admit that there are far fewer girls in this generation than in the last who cut out and sew garments for the heathen to the glory of the Lord. I am aware that trade unions and similar bodies have made the succulent patronage of those in poverty or distress much rarer than it was in Dickens' time. But we are still what Bagehot called a "deferential" people. We still have a stratum, running from the bottom of the middle class to the summit of the aristocracy, who thoroughly enjoy the power that comes from dispensing patronage, and receiving, with all possible profusion, the obedient gratitude of its recipents. It is a stratum which finds in this effort a genuine relief from the hard task of thinking out the meaning of justice. They find in committees and balls and dinners and bazaars a satisfying activity. Sometimes it brings them a fleeting moment of radiant contact with a member of the Royal family—an ample reward for a lifetime's effort; sometimes it brings, after a generation or so of labour, the M.B.E.; sometimes it gives, if in varying degree, the enjoyment of the luxury of command; sometimes it fills in vacant hours; occasionally, it is the method by which a plaster is spread over a conscience that has begun to prick unduly.

I am against what Mr. Greg so rightly called the "cuckoo cry." Wherever there is a group in our society whose fate is unhappy through no fault of their own I am for justice and against charity. Whether they are orphans or aged persons, the blind or the maimed, the veteran soldier or sailor, whoever they are, they have a claim to justice into which the notion of patronage need not enter. I do not believe that their removal from the sphere of voluntary charity would take the "human touch" out of their experience. I believe that the public authority can run a children's home, or provide accommodation or assistance for the aged or infirm, with an insight far more imaginative, and an efficiency far greater, than anything that private charity can achieve. I think that, in an immense degree, it is socially preferable to deal with the overwhelming mass of these problems without the intervention of gracious ladies, or benevolent busybodies, or stockbrokers to whom a hospital is a hobby, or snobs who see in charity a ladder to acquaintance for which they have long been yearning. I hope we shall get rid, before long, of all the profesionals who raise money on so much per cent commission, and the staffs, untrained or half-trained, who are asked to sacrifice the rate for the job to that sense of a mission which has been, for over seventy years, about as slimy a form of blacklegging as there is in this country. It would be fine to see all those, from the young children to the oldest people, no longer driven to remember their duty to be thankful for small mercies, and thought ungrateful if they did not count their blessings. Public provision gives grievance the effective chance of expression. It enables standards to be set. It prevents the fear that investigation may reveal inadequacy or scandal. Charity means, if I may adopt another phrase of W. R. Greg, the half-open purse for the service of the scavenger virtue, pity. I am for the public fund from public taxes which does not deprive so many of its beneficiaries of half their dignity as human beings.

HAROLD J. LASKI

AMERICAN SUBURBIA

MOST visitors to New York, at least short-term visitors who write about it, seem to stay in hotels in central Manhattan, or at the least with writers or politicians or what not who have an apartment close by. But if New York is not America, neither is central Manhattan New York; and to get an impression of how ordinary people live you would do much better to stay with a family farther out. It need not be much farther out; for the illusion many people have, that all, or nearly all, New Yorkers live hundreds of feet up in the air, is very rapidly dispelled by observation. Very few live in the towers of Rockefeller Centre, the Empire State Building, and the rest of them, or even in the big blocks that are not quite skyscrapers; a quite extraordinary proportion live in three- and four-storey "walk-ups," or even in smaller houses still. It is at least arguable that the average New Yorker lives nearer the ground than the average inhabitant of Paris or pre-war Berlin or almost any European capital except London; certainly in many parts of Queens or Brooklyn there is scarcely a tall building in sight.

We live a little farther out, ten minutes by rail from the city boundary—as it might be Harrow Hill—on a promontory of the very long Long Island called Great Neck, four miles or so from Lake Success, in the Incorporated Village of Great Neck Plaza. There are fifteen of these "Villages" in an area of a few square miles, and as they all seem to impose speed limits of 20 to 30 m.p.h. another illusion, that all U.S.A. is full of automobiles roaring at top speed, is also dispelled. You *can't* go fast anywhere in Great Neck, or, for that matter, over a great part of Long Island. Even on the parkways, motor roads built under the Roosevelt régime and reserved entirely for cars—no trucks, cycles, pedestrians, perambulators, or litter (!)—the limit is 40. Great Neck, with its tree-lined roads, its many little parks, and its houses built without wall or fencing all among the trees, is an ideal place for small children; it is much quieter than most London suburbs, even the distant ones. I am not sure how much local life the Incorporated Villages have; one, the Old Village, two miles away, is having a fine row about a school, but that may be a special case. What they all do is to collect parking fines.

My hosts are a family of three, a young statistician, his wife, and nine-months-old son, who is not intended to remain an only child. We live on the ground floor of a three-storey apartment house, for which the rent is $1,080 a year—a good lot, seeing that the apartment has only two (good-sized) rooms, with a square lobby in which we eat, and a small bathroom and small kitchen. It is a few minutes' walk from a street full of shops and from the station; and is a modern apartment with most labour-saving devices.

Domestic life here is probably as easy as it can be made anywhere in the States. In the apartment there are, of ccurse, no fires or fireplaces, nor do the radiators blacken the walls. The floors are of hard wood, close-set; wire screens in the windows prevent the ingress of insects and large particles. There is a huge 'fridge' lighted internally; just outside the front door there is a remarkably awkward garbage chute, which, however awkward, swallows *all* rubbish as often as you choose to feed it. There is practically constant very hot water, which is also beautifully soft; it is used for washing the dishes, your hair and your nylons; all other laundry, bar the sheets, goes into the washing and drying machines which live in the baby-carriage park in the basement. The baby's carriage goes there, but not his diapers, which are collected weekly from a vast sanitary bin in the bathroom.

As to shopping, we go for the weekly household buy to a large store, get a wire trolley basket at the door and pile all the goods on it, cafeteria-wise, clock out past an adding machine, deposit a check for the total, and later in the day the goods arrive at the door of the apartment; it is as simple as that. You can also window-shop magnificently on Fifth Avenue; you order what you want without paying or even (unless the sum involved is large) depositing anything, and it is sent out here—thus avoiding the New York sales-tax. If by the time it has arrived you have repented of your choice or discovered a regrettable lightness in the purse, you can send it back and try again. This is really window-shopping *de luxe;* I am told, but have not verified, that you can also wear a frock to some party where you wish to be particularly well-dressed, and send it back afterwards on the ground that it does not fit or does not suit you. Presumably all this service is allowed for in the retail price.

The variety of foods, of course, is immense—the number of food shops in our main street alone is more than I have ever seen in any English street. If you were thoroughly lazy, you could, I reckon, feed your family entirely on canned goods without repeating yourself unduly for three or four weeks; and if you had forgotten to buy, send them to eat snacks and ice-cream at the drug-store.

But let English women depressed by this recital of conveniences take some heart. The conveniences are expensive, and they do not provide so much leisure as you might suppose. The diaper service, for example, costs 12s. a week, and the machines eat up quite a lot of dimes. And, with all the devices, keeping the apartment—and particularly the baby!—clean takes a considerable time. American women are extremely house-proud, and they do not feed their families out of cans; they cook a lot, and cooking takes time and attention. For what it is worth, my impression is that an American wife and mother of the middle classes has less leisure than her English sister if that English sister can get a bit of daily help. Daily help here *can* be got; it costs £2 a day and is very inefficient. (Children's nurses, mostly English, cost £10 a week, living in). The work is easier, pleasanter, and rather more quickly done. But it doesn't leave much time over.

The cost of living is rising fast, and everyone is excited about it. But, with prices, the main trouble is that you never know where you are. The ticketed price is generally out of date, and the real price something higher. Meat is

very dear, and not worth it, to an English taste, when you get it. Eggs and butter are pretty dear too, though not as bad as in Britain in 1919-20. Clothes vary so much that no *effective* comparison is possible; you can pay a staggering amount, or something quite reasonable, though I have seen nothing really cheap. An evening in town costs a great deal, 5s. for the rail fare to begin with, and an enormous amount for decent seats and a good dinner—though you can feed reasonably for 3s. 6d. at the Childs' chain of restaurants and I daresay elsewhere. A packet of cigarettes costs in New York State one shilling! Nevertheless, Americans, in spite of the impression given to Europe by their Army, seem to smoke less than we do. One of the reasons is, I believe, the many places—subway, food stores, many department stores, and most cinemas—in which smoking is forbidden. This is a regulation which we might do worse than copy.

One final word. There is an impression in some quarters that New Yorkers can't walk; they walk a lot. Here, they walk about shopping and push children to the parks. In Manhattan they walk miles and miles underground between subways and on the ground floors of huge buildings; above ground they strain in packs at the corners of streets, waiting for the lights to change.

MARGARET COLE

WORKING WITH RUSSIANS

HAVING lived all their lives in the Soviet Union, most Russians find it hard to understand the Western climate of thought, and particularly hard to realise that among us it is far from universally accepted that man is capable of controlling his life by his own efforts, or to appreciate that we generally allow that there may be two or three or even more right solutions to any problem. Living themselves in a settled society, with clear and now universally accepted aims and perspectives, Russians underrate the extent to which their own thinking, as well as that of the Western countries, is determined by environment. Having nothing similar in their tradition to lead them to our reverence for compromise, they are convinced that in any set of circumstances there must be one correct line of action which can be found by the careful analysis of all the circumstances. The Soviet chief of our Unrra mission used to be fond of opening staff meetings with the phrase: "Thanks to the correct decisions which we have taken in the past, the problems we have been facing are successfully overcome and we can now proceed to the next stage of our task."

The chief was a lean, smallish man with a quite bald head which belied his 36 years. His yellowish, flat, Mongolian-type face, expressionless mouth and small, apparently lidless eyes, looked stern in repose and broke into a smile by the tautening rather than the relaxing of the muscles. An engineer by profession and a colonel in the Red Army, pulled out to direct the movement of Lend-Lease supplies through Iran in 1943 and then to lead one of Unrra's field missions, he was essentially a man of action—fairly typical, I suppose, of his generation of Russians to whom the great wealth of the Soviet Union had opened limitless possibilities and to whom the war had added even greater responsibilities. In support of the general task assigned to the mission he expected and won the unquestioning loyalty of the representatives of twenty different nations which made up the mission's staff. In the execution of this task he expected a measure of group planning from his staff—"our collective," as he termed it—which far surpassed anything to which they were accustomed. Happiest in their departmental work, and dealing with inter-departmental matters by consulting precedent, if they were British, or by independent action, if they were American, they shied away from general plans.

Yet it was clearly from his logical thinking and energetic execution of careful prior planning that the chief drew his strong sense of what can only be termed "moral rightness" in carrying out what he believed to be correct decisions. What he and his Russian colleagues were obviously used to was something like a Quaker business meeting, however different the language and subject matter. Where there is agreement on fundamental questions, as there is among Russians or among Quakers, the highest measure of direct democracy is possible and a skilful chairman can take the individual contribution of each member into the formation of a real group decision. Voting is neither necessary nor desirable and the strength of purpose and moral righteousness which arises from the unity felt ensures that discussion will lead to effective action.

Having infinite faith in man's capacity to control his own environment and so his life, Russians assume that any group of men honestly studying a problem will come to the same conclusions provided that they know the same facts. The powers of persuasion are therefore unlimited except in the case of dishonest men who see the better and choose the worse for reasons of personal comfort or ambition. How like the Quakers they were, too, so convinced of their own rightness, so anxious to help others to see things the same way, always ready to come back and try the same arguments over again, so resentful if you did not take them seriously. It was not hard for us to see how Mr. Bevin must writhe under the lecturing, however brilliant, of Mr. Molotov. Yet they were far from humourless and could laugh well enough at themselves. None of them was in any way pompous or pretentious and they hated and despised such behaviour in others.

No one could have been more kind and gentle and protective towards the under-dog than Mariana, the chief's personal secretary. A large, fine-looking middle-aged woman from Moscow, she would swing into the defence of anyone who seemed to be getting a raw deal, often arguing points hotly with the chief. It was a real shock to her, and deeply distressing, to find that Mary, the American secretary in our office, was worried at returning to America and finding no jobs open. "I know I will have a job when I return to Moscow," she said, and then produced one of her famous dicta: "I must say, you know, I think my country, it is the best country—not for the rich; for them it is not good. But for the middle class it is the best. We are all middle class in my country." She had no idea what classes were: she just knew that it would be no good for the rich and nobody would be poor; all were middle class. Part of the joke was that she seemed to us so very middle class herself. And if anyone should still believe that only a competitive world makes people work hard the example of all our Russians, but particularly of Mariana, would be enough to dispel the idea. I once asked her why she worked so hard at her English doing one hour every morning before the office opened at eight o'clock and another hour of "prep" when the office closed—which might be any time from 5 o'clock to ten. She knew enough for our purposes, but "she wanted to know perfectly to speak and write." Why? "So I shall be more useful to my country, I shall have more interesting work and—I shall be more respected," she answered, leaving no doubt that the last point was the main one.

I found no difficulty in breaking through the superficially reserved exterior of my Russian friends. They took office work, their duties, very seriously and concentrated all their energies on them. They seemed to feel none of the underlying uncertainties and fears that always break my concentration of thought. But when work stopped they relaxed completely. All had their wives and children out with them and, while they were generally reticent about their parents and their past, of their children and the future they spoke without reserve and with a most infectious enthusiasm. Nothing would make the chief's eyes light up so brightly as the voice of his daughter (aged 5) down the phone telling him he was an "old bureaucrat," and it was time he came home to lunch. In the future, and for their children, nothing was impossible, the vistas were limitless and exciting beyond the dreams of their youth. Why, ten years ago had not Magnetogorsk been a name unknown, a sweep of the Steppes without a house? And were there not to-day a million people in a fine new town with the most modern mines and the best steel mills in the Soviet Union? And they looked farther into the future than Magnetogorsk, to all the possibilities that man's growing conquest of his environment would bring.

Vladimir, the chief's personal assistant, used to quote to us from Simonov. "Vlad" was 26; he had been a tank corps captain and had fought his way back from the Polish frontier to Stalingrad. Brilliant, charming and wise far beyond his years, he would sometimes fall into the deepest Russian gloom. From this he would rouse himself with the words of that great poem of Simonov's in which he declares that only shopkeepers dream of a world without struggle or fight. The world of the future will be one of hope, he goes on, of high adventure and of mortal risks—long after the barbed wire, the frontier posts, the ditches and pill-boxes are covered over by the ripening corn. Just as he had seen those young Russian scientists floating down from the North Pole on their solitary ice-floe, so in the future he saw their children's children flying out into space to explore the universe; and then other young men setting out from air bases all over the United Earth to follow them into the unknown. Perhaps Napoleon was right in 1810 to call us a nation of shopkeepers, but to-day Russians are not alone in sharing in some measure Simonov's vision.

MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

"Richard II"—The Old Vic Theatre Co. at the New Theatre

The Guinness Richard has been noted here before. Mr. Guinness is a good actor. During the past two years, he has rushed to somewhere near the top of his profession with a series of delicately executed vignettes—the Fool in *Lear*, Drugger in *The Alchemist*, perhaps Garcin in *Huis Clos*. His Richard I find wholly adequate. So I did the Richards of John Gielgud and, before that, Maurice Evans. If one is a good actor and not too old or too robust for this sad, youthful king, it is really not very difficult. Problems in Shakespeare arise from our excessive familiarity with the text. Any longish work examined with care will reveal problems. There exists no case of perfect and sustained literary craftsmanship. It is unlikely that Shakespeare ever thought that any of his plays would be seen twice by the same audience, much less that actors and producers would continue to invite our approval of their revised interpretations, their swifter deployments. The play was the thing, and it had to be new. Nobody can add anything to a Shakespeare play, unless he enjoys the licence of a Dryden. The play is there. The utmost that can be done is to alter its shape by cutting, and that is not to add but to subtract.

Is there now too much Shakespeare? I think not, but I think the presentation of Shakespeare is incoherent. It is desirable that we should all see each of the plays at least once on a stage, but the best place in which to see them would be a National Theatre largely devoted to the purpose. There a definitive Shakespeare should be established, with a tradition of presentation. It would not greatly matter what tradition. Anything from apron stage to modern dress would do. The important thing is continuity and slow, detailed modification. If Mr. Guinnesss or another played any particular part for a season, he would be expected to conform. If

he did not wish to conform, he would be at liberty to do like Mr. Wolfit, or, if he merely proposed a new reading of the death of John of Gaunt, the catalogue of dereliction on the coast of Wales or the final deposition, he could do it with two or three feeds before a curtain in a vaudeville programme or at charity matinees or on Sunday evenings in Hammersmith. I see no virtue in complete new productions of Shakespeare, though I am sure they are very pleasant for the producer. The awful thing about Shakespeare on the stage (and especially the histories) is all those young men. In the permanent repertoire of a National Theatre, whose students such young men would no doubt be, their evolutions would be regulated and unobtrusive. In *Richard*, the best student of the senior year might be allowed to play Bolingbroke. He would have learnt in his student period how Bolingbroke should be played.

I fear that the definitive Shakespeare will not preserve Michael Warre's settings for the present production. I suspect that Mr. Warre designed them as a practical joke on his former colleagues, for it is odd how the drops sway and the smaller pavilion rocks at the most impressive moments and, in general, how bits of this and that keep going up and down on pulleys. It will, I think, preserve the lighting and the breastplate which, though a little in the Restoration taste, really do make Richard look as the young Hotspur says he looks, appearing on the walls of Flint Castle.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

"Gingerbread House," at the New Lindsey

Miss Shirley Cocks has written in *Gingerbread House* a new mother-and-son play, the implications for the son being pushed as far as they were in *The Green Bay Tree*. The play belongs to the mother, and Miss Helen Haye claims it with a dazzling performance as that octopus. Her umbilical tentacles have drowned her elder son, are threatening the younger with perversion and wave out menacingly at the grandchildren. It is the sureness with which she is drawn and played that gives freshness to a conventional conception—innocent girl reclaiming degenerate young man. Miss Jessica Spencer and Mr. David Markham make this idea as living as possible, she with her sincerity, he with his weak charm. Much solider because a more real invention is the little portrait of the tough daughter-in-law, defending her brood against the vampire. Miss Ruth Lodge deserves all the more praise for this performance in that she is involved in the major implausibility of an otherwise remarkably well-conducted first play. Miss Eileen Thorndyke and Mr. Norman Claridge contribute lively sketches and Mr. Hamish Menzies does what he can with the weakest part in the play. *Gingerbread House* was well worth putting on and the New Lindsey Club are to be congratulated on the cast they have assembled for it. Altogether it provides a far more enjoyable evening than many that the West End offers.

THE MOVIES

"Mine Own Executioner," at the Empire

With its usual simplicity the screen discovered both the good and the bad of what it called Psychiatry. The bad, arriving first—in the person, I believe, of Mr. Basil Rathbone—went in for a string of beautiful rich women, hypnotic stares and feline stalkings, top-floor apartments with balconies (for jumping off), all the horrid ambiguities of the lowered blind and the *chaise longue*. In the end, if I remember, it was the Psychiatrist who, with a dreadful scream, had to fling himself down fifty floors to the lamp-spangled darkness below. He had been proved, of course, battier than any of his victims, who (if they escaped the dive) needed only to be chased a few times round the consulting room.

Then came the good Psychiatrist. His patients (no longer victims) were beautiful rich women wearing spectacles and tippets and having, probably, a touch of amnesia. For them he ran a very exclusive country club. He cured them of the glasses, etc., and married the most beautiful of them. He smoked a pipe. On the whole he was a crashing bore, because his cures took longer than the other's kills.

I don't say there have been no refinements on these two types, but *Mine Own Executioner* is the first film I have seen that both deals with human beings and successfully makes drama out of psychoanalysis. It is about real, rather worried people. Its emotions are as genuine as the careless, invincible tics of behaviour that on the screen acquire a tense fascination. The psycho-analyst, facing the struggle of the unqualified man, has an adolescent festive streak; his wife is always breaking things; that irritates and leads to quarrels. A more dangerous unrest is revealed by the new patient, who limps outside not choosing to approach. He has suffered torture as a prisoner of the Japanese. Last night he attempted to strangle his wife. He kicks the pebble he has been kicking all the way from Earl's Court and won't come in.

That is only the beginning of a situation that develops dramatically from the characters as they make themselves known to us. The advantages of this kind of action are that it can focus as much excitement on detail—the unconscious gesture, the tell-tale word—as will the clue-strewn path of the detective story. But with this difference, that every motive here known to the author will be revealed also to us, and that the clues will lead irresistibly to the conclusion. The excitement, in fact, is one of discoveries, with nothing held back, and this makes for far more thrilling drama than the plot of mystifications. And with a novelist of Mr. Balchin's humorous, exact intelligence, it makes also for far more lifelike and richly circumstantial people. *Mine Own Executioner* discovers in and round the consulting room a cluster of interest as lively as that of his back-room in another novel.

I haven't (I am sorry to say) read the novel which Mr. Balchin himself has adapted to make this film, but except for one incident he seems to have conceded nothing to melodrama. That incident is the discovery of the schizo on a top corner of the I.C.I. building, and the ascent of his analyst up a terrifying fireman's ladder for the Last Consultation: a climax, to my mind, out of gear with the rest of an admirably visualised action. Whether those dizzy moments occur in the novel, with an explanation leading up to them, I don't know; but the effect here is of saying, "Oh well, it's only a film, and where do you *expect* them to go except on the highest roof-top in London?" Burgess Meredith as the worried analyst and Kieron Moore as the galvanic ex-pilot have given performances of remarkably persuasive skill, which deserve rather better. However, this is a piece of exaggeration rather than a fatal lapse. The acting all through—and especially that of Dulcie Gray and Christine Norden—is of the convincing kind inspired by good writing and good direction. Unobtrusively the director, Anthony Kimmins, makes a dramatic use of the camera. And, best encouragement of all, Mr. Balchin has gone into films—into one film, at least—without being swallowed up.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

You would have had to be a very stony person not to be moved by the broadcasts of the Royal Wedding. The cheering alone was enough to lift the heart out of its normal sluggish routine. The weary hysterical cheers at the end of a war, the triumphant semichorus after an election result: these haven't much in them to put beside the happy enchanted roarings we heard from the Mall and Whitehall. The B.B.C. did us proud; each commentator seemed to know uncannily well when to move us over to someone else, and each of them found with fine precision exactly what to select from the mass of impressions confronting them. No hitch from start to finish. The only let-down—the music at the ceremony itself—was presumably no

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LESLIE MEETS LESAOAMO

Last Saturday morning Leslie took a sixpenny trip to Basutoland—in his seat at the Children's Cinema Club. A group of British producers, which makes over 50 films a year for the clubs, finds that what children like best is seeing how other children live. To Leslie's teacher, these films, made all over the world, are geography; but to Leslie they are a new way of making friends. Half a million members of the Odeon and Gaumont Children's Cinema Clubs make friends this way every Saturday.

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one's fault; I suppose the choir, which sounded so anaemically unjubilant over the air, is not easy to transmit from such a building; though we did in fact get a moment of beauty from the Gibbons *Amen*. But it was, after all, other things we were mainly listening for; and *they* came through with no uncertainty at all.

The B.B.C. has an unfailing sense of a great occasion. An emotional listener, I cried quietly and steadily throughout the brief ceremony at which Dr. William Walton was presented with the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. Dr. Vaughan-Williams's speech had the right measure of dignity and humour, and Dr. Walton's reply just that amount of respectable nervousness which moves the listener without embarrassing him. I assume that Burbage recited Shakespeare better than the poet himself; so that it is no disrespect to Dr. Walton to say that Sir Thomas Beecham's direction of the Viola Concerto which preceded the ceremony revealed more of its ever-surprising beauty and profundity than even Dr. Walton's own conducting has. I have never heard the Scherzo so well integrated with the rest of the work.

The Corporation has not been able to resist having some of its Jubilee cake twice over. On Sunday it repeated its tribute to the London Theatre of 1922 to 1947; and the tribute seemed to me to be over-generous. One has to concede that the speakers may be right in asserting that the standard of acting is no lower than it was before the first world war, since there is not, as in the case of opera-singers, any way of comparing. More surprising was the fact that no one blushed for the actual drama of the period. In fact, *De mortuis* seemed to be the keynote of this sombre party; and in spite of this the shoddy skeletons insisted on clattering out of the cupboard: *The Vortex, Journey's End, Night Must Fall*. Saturday Night Theatre gave a comparatively recent one a chance: *The Guinea-Pig*, a poor play by any standards. In it an obscure Jude (named Read, I am pleased to record) is actually given a place in a public school. The theme of the play is the struggle between reaction and progress in these institutions: a theme so uninteresting dramatically that the author has to keep things going, first by a romance between the progressive young schoolmaster and the daughter of the reactionary housemaster, and then by a seduction. Read is, of course, blamed for this; but the real villain, as few will fail to guess, is none other than the snobbish head-prefect, Grimmett. Even the radio could not disguise the blush-inducing curtain that accompanies this revelation. Remembering the old Folies-Bergère version of *Maedchen in Uniform*, I would love to see what they would do with *The Guinea Pig*. The B.B.C. treated it with respect, and did not expurgate its solitary distinguished line. Mr. Derek Blomfield repeated his excellent stage-performance; Mr. Baliol Holloway produced a convincing reminiscence of Mr. Cecil Trouncer; and Miss Dorothy Primrose an even more convincing one of Miss Joyce Grenfell ("Shee yew whin I kim heum, I heup").

Roman Britain was, in every sense, a field-day for Miss Jenifer Wayne. How light, how easy to absorb, she makes it all; yet there are sense and truth in her contrasted studies of the Archaeologist and the historian; and her comic relief, even at its broadest, is rarely without its point. There will doubtless be those who will object to the housewife excursionists; but to me she seemed like Emilia in the last act of *Othello*: she spoke for *us*.

HENRY REED

SAINT CECILIA

Now that the pleasant custom has been established of celebrating the name-day of music's patron saint, what about getting her name right? I am thinking of the new B.B.C. tendency to call the divine lady "Ceceelia," which is neither English nor Italian but a bastard mixture of the two: as though we were suddenly to start talking about the Owgustan Age.

The Owgustan Age, with its happy uniformity of culture, knew no such difficulties in the way of public celebration as beset the modern artist. While listening to the second part of the Albert Hall concert on Saint Cecilia's Day, I began to wonder whether I had been wrong last week in deploring the absence of any worthy musical commemoration of the Royal Wedding. Have we entirely lost the knack of such things? Can no one now manage a broad accessible style without falling into banality? The split in our culture certainly makes the difficulties enormous; but we have still two or three composers, I think, who are capable of assuming a public character without losing their private selves. That is just what the principal novelty at the Albert Hall concert quite failed to do. Mr. Gerald Finzi is a composer with a genuine, if slender, vein of lyrical inspiration, school of Vaughan-Williams, and a very remarkable sensibility to the colour, shape and cadences of English poetry, and also (a much rarer quality) to those of English prose. His Thomas Hardy song cycles contain some charming things, but the work which so far seems to sum up his talent most completely is *Dies Natalis*, a setting for voice and strings of some admirably chosen prose and verse selections from Thomas Traherne.

Examined with a cold eye, the sheer musical invention of *Dies Natalis* is perhaps not very distinguished; but the listener receives an impression of radiant and satisfying beauty, partly from the incomparable words themselves, and partly from the composer's extraordinarily acute response to their rhythm and contour, his sense of keeping and the never-failing skill of his musical manipulation. In point of creative invention Finzi falls short of Benjamin Britten by about as much as Hugo Wolf falls short of Schubert; but notwithstanding Britten's intense feeling for the *spirit* of his chosen poets, he is capable (on occasion) of pulling about with a fairly ruthless hand the delicate rhythms and stresses of, say, Tennyson or Donne. Now the mansion of music is a huge one, and I feel a certain impatience with those austere persons who are always urging us to shut up this or that wing. The sensible thing is to admit that Finzi's talent is *re-creative* rather than creative, and then proceed to enjoy him for all he is worth. After which, the truth about his new *St. Cecilia Ode* must at last be faced: that it is sadly out of character, a distressingly feeble attempt at the Elgarian big-bow-wow manner, complete with all that solemn, four-square, slow-march, A flat stuff which is like a punch aimed straight at the English academic midriff. It is the kind of music which makes one think better of Miss Priaulx Rainier.

Miss Rainier is a South African composer born in 1905, whose *Sinfonia da Camera* for strings was given twice, under Walter Goehr's direction, over the week-end; first at the interesting Morley College concert on Saint Cecilia's Eve, and then at the Cambridge Theatre. I am told that her other scores show, as this does, the influence of certain native South African scales and rhythms overlaid by the European tradition. This latter she has imbibed in part through Nadia Boulanger; and, listening to the new *Sinfonia*, I was driven to reflect, not for the first time, on the dubious influence which that rich personality and most admirable musician is apt to have on her pupils. The work shows a capital sense of string sonority, and here and there we feel the presence of a strong individuality; but the melodic aridity and interminably thudding rhythms end by making us think of Miss Rainier (in this work at least) as a mere epigone of Stravinsky or Bartok, in the sense that the weaker members of the School of Paris are mere epigones of Picasso. I am assured by excellent judges that she is much more than that, and await with interest the promised recording of her String Quartet (1939), which is said to be her most considerable achievement so far.

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Correspondence

THE GREAT DEBATE

SIR,—With much of the matter contained in Mr. R. H. S. Crossman's two thoughtful articles any reader will find himself in agreement; with all of it many of us may wish to agree. But is it easy to accept the solution which he proposes, and can this solution be based upon anything other than wishful thinking?

He advocates the formation of a European bloc under British leadership to concentrate upon the co-ordination of its economic, foreign, defence and colonial policy. This would be the first stage towards a European federation. Highly desirable if there were any prospect of achievement. But is there? What would be the attitude of the countries involved?

All the countries of Eastern Europe must be ruled out. In view of the negative response of their Governments to the Marshall proposals there is not the slightest likelihood that they would prove more conciliatory upon this issue, and I gather from his article that Mr. Crossman accepts this as inevitable. Will the strong Communist parties of France and Italy welcome the suggestion, or will they denounce it is an attempt to mobilise Europe in arms against Holy Russia? No doubt Mr. Zilliacus can supply us with the answer, but I can make a pretty good guess myself. I cannot help wondering whether even Mr. Crossman, who knows his Europe, realises quite the extent to which not only Mr. Bevin but also Messrs. Attlee, Morrison, Cripps, Dalton and Crossman are branded as mere "reactionaries" and social traitors by Communists in both Western and Eastern Europe.

The inclusion of Spain under her present Government is out of the question. One cannot imagine Switzerland abandoning the policy of extreme political isolation which has served her so well hitherto. As for Scandinavia, I formed the impression during a visit last spring that while—rightly or wrongly—acutely apprehensive of the danger of aggression from Russia, these peoples were most unwilling to take any step that might appear to draw them politically closer to the Western Powers, since this might prove "provocative." I note that Mr. Evelyn Waugh in a much more recent visit appears to have come to much the same conclusions. There are plenty of ostriches in this part of Europe, and the snow makes an adequate substitute for sand.

Much the same, I suspect, would go for Holland, though possibly—just possibly—not for Belgium. With the dubious exception of Portugal, that seems to leave only Turkey and Greece. Turkey is friendly disposed towards us, but I cannot see her departing from her canny tradition in diplomacy to the extent of a commitment of this kind. As for Greece . . . the gentleman standing at Mr. Crossman's Left hand will rend the air with cries of indignation at the very idea—"bolstering up a Fascist-Quisling Government to suppress the Greek democrats," "compensating British Imperialism in Macedonia for its forced retreats from India, Burma and Palestine."

In short, it really does seem that, however desirable in theory, Mr. Crossman's proposals simply do not constitute a practical proposition. If Mr. Crossman can point to a single nation or a single prominent statesman outside Britain who will give public support to them I shall be as delighted as I shall be surprised.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

PALESTINE

SIR,—You say that no disinterested support has been forthcoming for the thesis that Palestine is in the same category as any other Arab country and that Jewish claims for statehood represent an invasion, and you argue, on the other hand, that the growing favour which the partition scheme is finding at Uno is prompted by nothing but logic and realism. Do you seriously wish to suggest that the support which America and her satellites have been giving to the thesis that a Jewish State should be established in Palestine is disinterested, and has nothing to do with the enormous influence of the Zionists over the United States Government and, through it, over the Latin-American Republics and the various small European countries that move in the American orbit; or that logic and realism would have led to the same result if it were not for this international power which the Zionist movement is able to mobilize, and for the current belief that the Arab countries are too weak to be able to offer any effective resistance to the cynical liquidation of one of them?

But quite apart from the question of justice, where is the realism in attempting to set up a Jewish State (which would actually, according to the latest modifications of the partition scheme, have a non-Jewish majority) in a part of the world inhabited by thirty or forty million people who do not want it, who would regard it as an enemy established by aggression and oppose it by all the means in their power? Their power may not be in the military sense very great to-day, but it is a growing power and we should know enough from history to realise that bitter national hatreds and irridentist problems created in this way can live for centuries and cause frightful explosions and disasters long after the moment of their birth. If you realised how the Arabs feel and would continue to feel about the destruction of Arab Palestine (for this is what the partition scheme amounts to) and its conversion into a Jewish State—the outrage to their sense of justice involved in this deed and the depth of the hatred and hostility which it would arouse in them—you would know better than to describe this scheme as "realistic." For as sure as anything can be in this world, the establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine would result in a far more acute Jewish problem than that which it is sought to solve by this means. It would certainly create a violent anti-Jewish sentiment throughout the Middle East, a region which until now, and apart from Zionism, has been free from this curse; and a conflict would be set up, which if not immediately, at least at some future time, might well result in a general catastrophe, the chief victims of which would be not only the Jews of Palestine but also the Jewish communities of more than a quarter of a million living in the other Arab countries. These are the likely possibilities which the "realism" of the partition scheme holds out for all concerned.

EDWARD ATIYAH.

The Arab Office.

[Mr. Atiyah's letter misses the point. No disinterested representative at Lake Success accepted "the thesis that Palestine is in the same category as any other Arab country." Not only the American bloc, but Russia, the British Dominions and a number of small countries with no axe to grind welcomed the majority Unscop report as a "lesser evil," just as the Peel Commission was driven to propose partition 10 years ago, as the only "realistic" solution.—ED. N. S. and N.]

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT GREECE"

SIR,—In your article of November 22, "Something must be done about Greece," there are many points that need qualification. Much that is written there is true, but presenting as it does only one side of the question, the article is a gross misrepresentation of the Greek situation as it was and is.

After two and a half years in Greece, part of that time spent with E.L.A.S. during the German occupation, I have come to have personal knowledge of most of the protagonists on either side. Ares Veloukhiotis was a monster and a sadist; even E.A.M. had officially disavowed him before he was killed. Your correspondent says that his head was exhibited "*before* the anti-Government inhabitants of Greece began their military opposition." Ares had been leading an armed band in Macedonia during the summer of

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1945 and had at least twice skirmished with Government forces before his death. Ypsilantes had returned to the mountains to fight the Government before the May of that year.

National Guard violence after Varkiza shocked many Englishmen who did not know the bitterness of Balkan blood feuds, but it is only just to place this vengeance in historical perspective. This does not mean to excuse it. The mainspring of revenge was an eye for an eye—requital for murdered daughters, wives, brothers—not the reasoning suggested in your article, which was a secondary cause.

Your correspondent further says that after Varkiza the non-interference of the British "gave Government forces *carte blanche* to wreak their vengeance while British troops stood by and pretended not to notice anything." Had your correspondent been in any position of responsibility in Greece he would have known only too well the moderating advice that was continually given by British military commanders and officials. Alas, it was not always taken, but it was very often a stabilising influence.

If we wish to help Greece we can only do so by telling the whole truth.

Trinity College, Cambridge. GEOFFREY CHANDLER

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT

SIR,—Dr. Rita Hinden in analysing the doubts in the minds of Africans regarding Britain's Colonial economic development, especially over the East African groundnuts project, stated that the benefit will be mutual. Most truly, African industry will be modernised with the consequent "speed-up" in production. But I wonder whether the relative benefits to be enjoyed by Great Britain and Africa will not bear the simple ratio of 10:1? Even this may be far too generous an estimate on my part, based on optimism.

Lord Lugard wrote that it was in order to foster the trade of England and to find outlets for her manufacturers and surplus energies that the English undertook East African responsibilities. Indeed, it was not always necessary for an area to come under the direct political control of either Great Britain or the United States for it to be an economic appanage of their finance capitalism. A planning scheme devised and carried out with some other motive than self-enrichment in the shortest time is what Africa needs.

Dr. Hinden is at a loss to understand why the colonials have shown so little enthusiasm for "British Colonial Designs." Well, the intelligent African sees the destiny of his native country guided by an invader; he sees the diversion of the products of his own land to aliens; he sees the common economic life of a whole continent geared to the white man's organisation; and he cannot but resent both these facts and the self-preserving reluctance of the dominant race to share with him the privileges thus usurped and the wealth so withheld.

BANKOLE TIMOTHY

POTATO RATIONING

SIR,—I do hope that Mr. S. T. Swingler's suggestion of differential potato rations is not acted on. We in agriculture are fully aware of the need for rationing and we do not understand why action was not taken earlier. I do not think the writer appreciates the time it would take to perfect a system of differential rationing, and this factor is more important than the amount of clerical labour it would involve.

It should be clearly understood that the exigencies of our climate are solely responsible for this state of affairs and potato rationing should and must be ended by July, 1948. Let us, therefore, not seek to attach to potato rationing those appendages which bespeak some state of permanency. An assurance that rationing will end by the date I have mentioned will be received better by the consumer than any system of differentiation. In any case, our experience of extra seasonal rations for certain agricultural work confirms the view that a system could not be perfected before the need of it had been removed.

M. MADDEN

23 Canteen Site, Stanton Harcourt. *County Secretary*, Oxon County Committee, National Union of Agricultural Workers.

ART FORGERIES

SIR,—I do not always agree with Critic when he writes on Dutch affairs. My delight with his note on the Dutch painter Van Meegeren was therefore all the greater. The false pretences and the sale of fakes at colossal prices were necessary in Van Meegeren's scheme of life. You cannot make the world believe that you have a Vermeer (which is not a Vermeer) without telling a little fib, and you cannot keep up the story without accepting an extravagant price for your painting. All this was part of Van Meegeren's revenge on society for failing to appreciate his talent—or his genius. I think that it is always naughty to tell lies, and most un-Dutch, in any case, and I have no desire to defend Van Meegeren's ethics. But as an artist I think him very great. With the well-known showmanship of Dutch museum directors, the beautiful Emmaus Pilgrims was exhibited in a special room at the Booyman, in Rotterdam, and I have spent, more than once, a meditative hour, seated in front of this work, living the life of the past (à la Croce), thinking the thoughts of the dead (à la Collingwood), knowing that I knew (à la Toynbee). Now the infra-red ray and other auxiliaries of the history of art have supplanted the subjective method, which consisted in entering into a trance to know the past by direct intuition. As a result we know that we did not know, and the historians of art, who were as certain as I was, hasten to explain that, reelly-reelly, they had their little doubts. As a mere social and diplomatic historian I can afford to confess that I had none, that I still love the Pilgrims, and would like to possess it. Meanwhile, as an anti-Crocean, anti-Collingwoodian, and anti-Toynbeeite, I rejoice at the victory of Pragmatism, which teaches that we can know, but that we can never be finally sure that we know. As for the great Van Meegeren, two years were asked by the public prosecutor, one only was inflicted, and life in a Dutch prison is not as frightful as life in an English jail.

G. J. RENIER

University College, London.

ST. JOHN'S GARDENS

SIR,—May I correct one of the mis-statements in Mr. Joad's article on "How a Civilisation Declines" in your issue of November 22? He tells us he was walking in the gardens of St. John's College and deplores that the public "were not normally allowed to wander freely in the gardens—at least they had not been in the past." For the last 40 years at least these famous gardens have been open to the public, though the hours of closing have varied slightly from time to time. They are now open without charge from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. in winter and 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. in summer, except on Sunday afternoons, when they are reserved for members of the College. Mr. Joad, therefore, like any other member of the public, may enjoy this survival of the past.

St. John's College, Oxford. AUSTIN L. POOLE *President.*

B.B.C. ENGLISH

SIR,—S. K. Ratcliffe is right in drawing attention to radio English, and the omission of any reference to it in the recent Jubilee programmes. But what worries me far more than B.B.C. pronounciation is B.B.C. stressing. A tradition of false emphasis is growing up in Broadcasting House, so that some sentences in news-bulletins appear not only unintelligent but unintelligible. And why does the average announcer insist on stressing the final word of a sentence regardless of meaning?

The Advisory Committee on Spoken English was suspended at the beginning of the war. It is time that the B.B.C. revived it.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"The Oxford episodes strike us as not being the author's strongest work, coming, as they do, in a book whose predominant note is reality." This wistful sentence, from Pater's review of *Robert Elsmere*, is one of the places where the critic has thrown an unconscious sidelight on himself. Of course Pater is wholly innocent of the scandalous suggestion that Oxford and reality are somehow incompatible; but perhaps in fact he found them so. He was quite without any positivist assurance about what reality really was: all the same, in his frail yet determined way, that was what he was looking for. Possibly if he had not been a don he might have found a little more of it. His closest personal apprehension of the matter is found in the famous conclusion to *The Renaissance*.

> Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. . . . How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

The implications of this creed are ill-defined; it has been held by all sorts of people, many very different from Walter Pater. Let us suppose that he had not found it necessary, as he did, to suppress this passage in the second edition of *The Renaissance*, for fear that "it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall"; suppose that he had not been an official guardian of the morals of young men, and had lived, say, in the blessed anonymity of London; where would he have found the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? Should we just have had a rather more intimate view of the fantasies of a bachelor classical scholar don; or would something else have been released.

The question is a real one, for the habit of suppression pervades Pater's work. He expelled the early essay on "Aesthetic Poetry" from *Appreciations*, and even now it does not appear in his collected works. It was not perhaps very alarming; but it does talk of the expanding of exotic flowers of sentiment "among people of a remote and unaccustomed beauty, somnambulistic, frail, androgynous, the light almost shining through them." Presumably Pater wrote like that because he felt like it; but after the emergence of the practising æsthete in the eighties he was excessively anxious not to be associated with the cultivation of eccentric *fleurs du mal*. It is a similar avoidance of saying all that, in certain moods, he would have liked to say that gives a faintly constrained and stuffy air to some of his most finished passages of rhythmic prose. There are two kinds of reticence in literature: one occurs when the personal emotion is so completely transmuted into the form of art that its private and accidental outlines disappear; the other is the result of just not saying what you mean. Pater's reticence is generally of the latter kind; and this was partly due to his environment. The pattern of his life is so much that of the academic recluse that we may easily forget what an odd sort of don he was in the Oxford of Jowett and Mark Pattison. In his early days he showed symptoms of developing what university circles regard as a personality—a taste for epigram and a picturesque indifferentism to the concerns of the vulgar. But after the publication of Mallock's *New Republic*, where he was satirised as an æsthetic chatterer, which he never was, his manner became noticeably more subdued. This was unfortunate, for what Pater needed was self-exaggeration rather than self-suppression.

The effect of environment is not, of course, the whole story. I am not quite sure what it is to burn with a hard gem-like flame, but it is clearly something that takes place at a rather low temperature; a temperature too low to fuse any but small masses of fairly malleable material. Pater never quite achieved the energy of self-dramatisation that is necessary for complete creative work. He can be an extremely good critic, and not only of the impressionist kind; he is philosophically sophisticated, which to a critic is a great advantage; but he is not philosophically creative. And he is imaginatively creative only in comparatively short flights—in the *Imaginary Portraits*, with which we must include, though they were not published in the same volume, "Emerald Uthwart," "Apollo in Picardy," and "The Child in the House." *Marius the Epicurean* is an imaginary portrait enlarged; and he found some difficulty in filling the larger canvas. There is an aftertaste in *Marius* as of brownish photographs of the Colosseum, plaster casts of Græco-Roman statuary, which is not uncharming, but is, in Pater's sense, an impurity; for he does not really intend to remind us of the *décor* of the headmaster's study.

However, it is precisely the atmosphere of that august apartment which some of those who have written about Pater do remind us of. A. C. Benson, after referring to the dangers of ironical and reckless paradox, goes on to recall the rise, in Pater's early Oxford days, of "a certain æsthetic movement, in which the creed of beauty was strongly insisted upon."

> With the extravagances and excesses of the school it is needless to say that Pater, a man of scrupulous conscience and a high standard of moral delicacy, had not the slightest sympathy. . . . He refused, it is true, to take a conventional view of the principles of art; but though the essential purity of art can be distorted into a wild appetite for beautiful impressions and sensual experience, it can yet be safeguarded and kept in a high and austere region, in which the lower impulse is entirely inconsistent with the grave appreciation of beauty.

(In future, however, the *illustrated* copy of the classical dictionary will be consulted only by members of the sixth form.) This is Benson, not Pater; but we need not look much farther to account for the unrealised quality of some of Pater's conceptions. His favourite cultural myth is the impact of a golden paganism on the foggy northern world; the theme is treated with a certain energy in the Winckelman essay in *The Renaissance*. In "Duke Carl of Rosenmold" we are shown the fantastic breakdown of an attempt to domesticate Apollo in Germany. "To bring Apollo with his lyre to Germany! It was precisely what he, Carl, desired to do." For Carl of Rosenmold we may read Pater of Brasenose, cherishing a private religion of art in a world of mahogany-table diners-out, efficient administrators and industrious researchers. Pater's religion is so shy of proselytising that it commonly expresses itself in these oblique hints. But the notion haunted his mind, and he tried to give it a more vivid imaginative expression in the twin fantasies "Denys l'Auxerrois" and "Apollo in Picardy." Dionysus visits Auxerre, Apollo a Picard monastery; the two deities look very much alike; both apparently symbolise the same thing, "the power of untutored natural impulse, of natural inspiration." And at the very phrase the heart sinks, for the theme has been hideously overworked since Pater's day, and it is difficult to be anything but heartily bored with these fauns, Pans and assorted children of nature who irrupt so insignificantly into an alien environment, and leave it so little altered when they have finished with it.

The magazine-story versions of this idea, with their implied vulgarisation of both the pagan and the Christian traditions, are merely emetic. Pater, naturally, is writing on a different level, but he is nevertheless unsatisfying. The statement at the end of *The Renaissance* is serious; it is part of an extensive minority report on the principles of ethics, and as such is genuinely revolutionary. In these two fantasies Pater should be showing a psychic revolution in action, the re-emergence of the faculties of intellect, emotion and sensation that a northern Christian culture had refused to recognise. But nothing comes of it; an organ gets built in Auxerre Cathedral; a few boys and girls scamper round the hills at night; an old prior is introduced to some unmediæval astronomy; and the monks' new barn acquires some classical features. Resuscitated paganism turns out to be very small beer, and the world, it appears, was quite right to desert it for a stronger brew. Which may quite possibly be true, but is not what Pater meant to say. What Pater meant to say was that the Anglican public-school version of the classical world is not the only one; that paganism implies passion and cruelty as well as the extension-lecture virtues; and that on the Paterian theory of ethics ("getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time") there is no reason why it should not do so. But lurking in the background is the shadow of Mrs. Humphry Ward; there are the young men to be considered; so the point is not made, and we have only two delicately written fairy tales; graceful products of the leisure of a classical don.

"A Prince of Court Painters" is a subtle and wholly charming essay at setting the painting of Watteau against its appropriate emotional background; and "Sebastian van Storck" sets out to portray the emotional constitution that lies behind a philosophy like Spinoza's. We meet its hero in an exquisitely drawn Dutch landscape.

> It was a winter scene, by Adrian van der Velde, or by Isaac van Ostade. All the delicate poetry together with all the delicate comfort of the frosty season was in the leafless branches turned to silver, the furred dresses of the skaters, the warmth of the red-brick house-fronts under the gauze of white fog, the gleams of pale sunlight on the cuirasses of the mounted soldiers as they receded into the distance. Sebastian van Storck . . . liked best this season of the year for its expression of a perfect impassivity, or at least of a perfect repose.

We follow him through a progressive withdrawal, in favour of an austere logical contemplation, from all the domestic and practical interests of his fellows; finally to his death in a lonely house between the sand-dunes and the sea, symbol of his own existence poised on the edge of the formless infinite in which he wished to be extinguished.

Pater excels at this kind of thing. Not philosophically strenuous, he has the gift of relating a philosophical attitude to a temperament, to a culture, to a landscape even. A thing which is worth doing; for the most rigorously logical system is after all the residual deposit of a thousand impressions that have gone perhaps unheeded, the ghosts of people, of places, of forgotten childhood emotions; which ultimately, however, fall into an ordered scheme, beneath the power of a formalising intellect. Pater cares little about the systems, but he is immensely interested in the emotional soil from which they grow: it is this, indeed, which is his only bridge to common life. He can only write of people by reflecting on their attitudes and ideas, never by showing them in action; and he writes best of people who are capable of reflecting on their own attitudes. His creations are thus half criticism; or perhaps with a writer of his type the distinction should be given up. Reflection is also a kind of action, and there is no law which compels an imaginative writer to occupy himself with the manipulation of matter in space. I am inclined to believe that an unembarrassed acceptance of material facts is the strongest basis for prose fiction; but if you are going to get along without it, an awareness of ideas is the best thing to take its place. It is much safer than all the twigs and bubbles on the stream of consciousness: the *roman philosophique* is a tougher construction than the *roman impressioniste*. And this perhaps is the direction in which Pater was moving. His sensitiveness, his hospitality to a wide variety of ideas, could have produced something more considerable than the *Imaginary Portraits*, more varied and living than *Marius*; and might actually have done so if the gods of his private pantheon had felt a little less out of place among the company in the senior common room.

GRAHAM HOUGH

OLD AND BLUE

Shakespeare's Bawdy. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Routledge.* £2 2s.

To many among those brought up in the 19th century the title and subject of this book will seem highly offensive. Cromwell may have had a wart, but who would wish for a close-up of that disfigurement? One may point out, of course, though not very helpfully, that many of the greatest writers have shared Shakespeare's taste for smut: Aristophanes, the Greek epigrammatists, Catullus, Horace, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Rabelais, Dryden, Voltaire, Balzac, and so on, and so on, and so on. Tennyson wrote limericks; even Coleridge, if Lamb is to be trusted, talked bawdy—to an unmarried woman!—and thought to make things better by saying, "To the pure all things are pure." One may argue, moreover, that moralists have distressed themselves too easily over coarseness of language. Beauty is much more perilous. Who was ever endangered by the jests of Mercutio and the Nurse? It is against the intoxicating poetry on the lips of Romeo that virtue needs to be on guard.

The objection to smut, I suggest, is more æsthetic than moral. For one thing, our vocabulary of sex is most of it unattractive, the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables so brutish, the Latin substitutes for them so clinical. The writer can, however, escape from these into metaphor, like Shakespeare in *Venus and Adonis* and Carew in his delicious *Rapture*. A subtler difficulty results from our having become unused to literary smut. Readers used to take this in their stride: now it seems to jump from the page, like a mistake of tone in a picture, draining colour and light from the surrounding passages. The modern writer, therefore, who seeks in this respect to follow the example of Shakespeare and Dryden, has to circumvent an obstacle with which these were not faced. It may be urged that the pendulum which began swinging away from obscenity early in the 18th century has now been moving back for at least half a century; and that the reader is becoming rehabituated to an almost Elizabethan frankness. In France, where writers never grew so nice as our Victorians, they now go very far indeed—usually, however, inspired by no gaiety or gusto for pleasure. In England, similarly, the revived outspokenness is most evident in Swiftian spirits who find carnality repulsive—Mr. Aldous Huxley, for instance, and James Joyce. (From this rule the solemn Lawrence is an exception here, and the rhapsodic Genet in France.) To the Victorian novel public prudery did untold harm, and Thackeray was driven to bewail this handicap. Whether modern writers are making the best use of the licence they have recovered is more doubtful. In any case the use of obscenity raises æsthetic problems too serious to be shirked by the student or critic.

The book I have set out to review contains a glossary of words used by Shakespeare with a sexual or obscene connotation, and an essay upon his use of such words and his general attitude to sex. Mr. Partridge does not mention any predecessors in the special region he has chosen to explore. Presumably there have not been any, even among the Germans—"and a good thing, too," some belated Victorians may decide. During the last century Shakespeare was metamorphosed from an individual into a symbol of English supremacy in all the virtues. Schoolmasters and deans turned a blind eye to his turpitudes, all the more easily because a classical education had trained them to disregard so much that was unspeakable in the masterpieces of antiquity. Those scholars who could not entirely evade the obscenities in Shakespeare inclined to dismiss them as a concession grudgingly made by the poet to the demands of the groundlings. Mr. Partridge, however, declares that Shakespeare is more smutty than any of the contemporary dramatists except Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher. On the justice of this grading I am not qualified to pronounce (has Mr. Partridge weighed the high claims of Marston?), but it seems evident that Shakespeare used smut more than he needed to, and so he must be presumed to have liked it. Nor is grossness confined to the clowns or even to the men: a conversation between Beatrice, Hero and her gentlewoman is, as Mr. Partridge explains, larded with indecencies.

His introductory essay is decidedly slapdash. It passes much too quickly over the variousness of Shakespeare's response to sexuality; no generalisation about this is valid that does not take into account his veering between delight and disgust. The treatment in this book of his alleged homosexuality is also altogether too simple and bluff. It is entirely reasonable in Mr. Partridge to deduce from sonnet 20 that Shakespeare was not physically attracted by members of his own sex as such. On the other hand, it shows wilful insensibility to dismiss most of the sonnets as "literary exercises," which Mr. Partridge seems to do. (And Mr. Hesketh Pearson, whom he here follows, makes a bad case worse by comparing Shakespeare's sonnets with those of Barnfield, which allow of only one interpretation.) Is it not possible that Shakespeare fell in love with a youth, and regretted that this youth was not a girl? This seems the least far-fetched explanation, and such a misfortune is not unheard of. Our knowledge alike of classical antiquity, of Islam, and of the Far East goes to show that the sexual impulse is less strictly canalised, less focused upon a single sex, than modern European literature would suggest. To call Horace homosexual would be grotesque, yet he lost his heart to a boy.

Mr. Partridge again lapses into an unfounded Victorian optimism when he writes of Shakespeare: "It is unlikely that he should have consorted, except conversationally, with prostitutes, for he possessed an exquisitely fastidious nature. . . ." This amiable supposition comes oddly in a book devoted to Shakespeare's excessively unfastidious language. If Mr. Partridge had said that the creator of Doll Tearsheet was probably a customer of such ladies the remark would be equally objectionable.

Mr. Partridge has managed to collect into his glossary some fifteen hundred words used by Shakespeare in a sexual or obscene sense; and he suspects that others have escaped his vigilance. Such a glossary is needed because the smutty allusions are often obscure and the annotators have conspired to neglect them. The only exception, so far as I know, is Steevens, who in his 1793 edition included many explanations of smutty passages, and with malicious humour gave the credit for some of his more scandalous glosses to two clergymen with whom he had quarrelled.

The smutty jokes in Shakespeare may not have weathered very well, but it would be hypocritical if I pretended to wish them away: they are one facet of his adorable genius; and since this glossary elucidates passages that were previously obscure, it must be welcomed. At the same time I have not the expert knowledge to decide how far it is to be trusted. Mr. Partridge is a high authority on slang, but not—as he frankly admits—a Shakespearean scholar. He does not give references to the interpretations of earlier scholiasts (Steevens he never mentions), and much more regrettably he offers no parallel uses from Shakespeare's contemporaries. Often an explanation he gives seems hazardous, a mere *ipse dixit*. Though he may be correct, for instance, in interpreting Hamlet's "Buz, buz" as what is now called a raspberry, one would welcome some evidence for the hypothesis. Occasionally he can be suspected of discovering dirt where no dirt exists: the notes on "nose-painting," "crackt within the ring" and "amorously impleacht" are not the only ones to strike me as in this respect extravagant. Useful as it is, the glossary should therefore be treated as provisional. Since scholars have refused to venture into this preserve, they cannot decently accuse Mr. Partridge of trespassing. It is to be hoped that he will persuade one of them to collaborate with him in a glossary to include the other Elizabethans.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PERSONALITY AND POLITICS

Personality in Politics. By Sir ARTHUR SALTER. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

The End of an Epoch. By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Facing East. By PROF. L. B. NAMIER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.

I Fight to Live. By ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Despite its title, there is less personality in Sir Arthur Salter's scrapbook of recollections than any of the three other books on my list. Sir Arthur came into politics very late, after a distinguished career as a civil servant. Though he records a few anecdotes of interest to the historian about the many famous men for whom he has worked, his book is chiefly interesting for what it reveals of his own mind. Why does the able civil servant so rarely succeed in politics? I have often asked myself this question as I watched him, perched like a plump sparrow on his tiny toes, and appealing to a not very attentive House of Commons. The civil servant's task is to weigh issues, to balance arguments, to advise: the politician's, to judge the departmental brief against the imponderable background of human nature. He must be able to back his "hunch" on what will nearly always be quite insufficient evidence and to sleep soundly on it. The qualities are almost contradictory. Each can recognise the other's merits but always with an unconscious condescension. The civil servant's lack of personality and his indecisiveness are somehow contemptible to the politician; the politician's disregard of "the real issues" makes him something which must either be sidetracked or petted by the Department which he thinks that he runs.

Sir Arthur gives us a set of departmental angles on famous politicians. He never paints a whole personality—he is too discrete for that—but he illuminates Balfour's dialectical skill, and by his sympathetic criticism of appeasement, shows the affinity between Neville Chamberlain and the civil service mind. As for Mr. Churchill, his aura was so effulgent that it dazzled Sir Arthur into remembering nothing much about him.

In *The End of an Epoch*, Mr. A. L. Rowse has collected his occasional writings on current politics, in particular those dealing with foreign policy and the German problem during the thirties, with Marxist theory and with the internal politics of the Labour Party. Mr. Rowse was the first working-class undergraduate to become a Fellow of All Souls. For many years he combined historical research with a Labour constituency, but he gave up his candidature just when the 1945 election would have given him a seat in the Commons. Judging from these essays he had begun to drift away from practical politics some years before, and to assume the role of governess to a Party for whose "incurably democratic temper" he felt little but hopeless contempt.

These essays, indeed, read in chronological order, are a fascinating case-book of the effect of an Oxford Senior Commonroom—the only oligarchic order surviving here—on a sensitive and ambitious spirit. A native dislike of fools and of muddled thinking crystallises, under the combined influence of Karl Marx and All Souls, into a shrill contempt for the people and an abstract admiration for the politics of power. In 1931 he is berating Mr. Keynes for his "rationalist fallacy," the "ridiculous" notion that you can achieve changes by influencing public opinion. By 1937 he has reached the conclusion:

> In the Labour Party you have to persuade many people incapable of reason. Persuasion is a rational process applicable only to intelligent beings. The Conservative Party never bothers about persuasion; it hardly even tells its followers what it intends to do; quite rightly, it is the business of followers to follow, not to raise objections.

And in 1941, while he is filling page after page with indictments of the Germans for their "power complex," he states his faith that a

Labour Government should abolish local authorities and select one representative in each county; assume Government control of the press; set up a peace-time ministry of propaganda, and leave room for private enterprise "in the interstices of the system."

Is Mr. Rowse, therefore, a contumacious, class-conscious opponent of the Right? Not at all. This book is dedicated to the Foreign Secretary; and in a remarkable preface, dated March 1947, Mr. Rowse writes:

> On internal policy I was much less a believer in the economic side of Socialism. For me it meant a general control of the Centre in the interest of the community, leaving the great bulk of the area to private initiative and enterprise . . . If things go on as they are on the economic front, we are straight for a catastrophe far worse than 1931.

It would be easy to expose contradictions in this intellectual Odyssey. But there is a consistent line of development. Mr. Rowse began as an enthusiastic working-class student, convinced that he could help the Labour Movement to achieve power by devoting himself to public life. But gradually theory and practice drifted apart. An intellectual pre-occupation with the Marxist concept of power tempted an impatient mind, brooding in self-imposed frustration, to deride the Movement in which it was nurtured and finally to take refuge in a "ruling-class consciousness" far more condescending than that of the fortunate few born into the oligarchy. While practical Socialists grapple with adversity, Mr. Rowse lets off his political fireworks in the quad.

Professor Namier is a historian who has never contemplated a political career, although he has espoused one political cause—Zionism—on which he writes with a rare combination of authority and passion. In *Facing East*, a collection of essays on contemporary affairs, the reader meets a personality content to express itself in the contemplation of human nature in politics. Whereas for Sir Arthur Salter writing about politics is a second best, and for Mr. Rowse a vent for his frustration, Professor Namier has had no ambition for the life of action but examines it with a majestic and imaginative insight. Like Mr. Rowse he detests Germany and opposed appeasement. But he retains much more successfully the balance of the historian in his studies of contemporary disaster. He is never shrill, seeing it as his function to relate the ephemeral with the relevant past. I recommend particularly his studies of Poland and of Anti-Semitism.

In *I Fight to Live* we return from contemplation to practical politics. Mr. Boothby is that comparatively rare thing in England—a pure politician. He lives for the game and, like the true gambler, he loves it whether he wins or loses. Mostly, as he reminds us, he has lost; but he retains his zest and combines with it a streak of recklessness based, as this autobiography of ideas makes clear, on an inner despair. The first half of the book sketches the background of his twenty-three years in the House of Commons and dwells, with the nostalgia of an Evelyn Waugh, on the 1920s, with their last flicker of Edwardian splendour in the country houses and the clubs which a young and handsome Tory M.P. was privileged to frequent. For Mr. Boothby this was not a decade of collapse but the last era of freedom. His Tory faith is based not on programmes and personalities—he sees that both at present are hopeless, and recommends a Socialist trade and foreign policy well to the Left of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Rowse—but on a regret for a vanishing social order. He writes like a Cavalier who saw that the Roundheads were right for the times and would win, but who also felt that the Commonwealth would not last. Churchill is his Charles I. Will he live to see a Restoration?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

KEEPSAKE

Bolts of Melody. New Poems of Emily Dickinson. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Poems of Emily Dickinson. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The literary reputation of Emily Dickinson has had an unlucky history. For decades neglected and all but unknown, her poetry was suddenly "discovered" and became the fashion, first in the United States and later over here. Perhaps inevitably, the poems were soon grossly overrated, a habit which culminated in Mr. Louis Untermeyer's outrageous statements (quoted in the preface to the Collected Edition) about "gnomic imagery tremendous in implication" and "quatrains lavish with huge ideas and almost overpowering figures"—phrases which might seem exaggerated even if applied to Milton, Donne or Herbert, and which Emily Dickinson's editors would have done better to pass over in silence.

Such fulsome panegyrics have made the achievement of this genuine, but very limited and capricious, muse unnecessarily difficult to assess, since a word in dispraise will almost certainly be taken (especially in the U.S.A.) as a sign of brutal insensibility. Nevertheless, the publication of *Bolts of Melody* makes it all the more necessary to say what has become increasingly plain with the passage of years: that Emily Dickinson was an "instinctive" poet who had little or no idea how to improve what she wrote with such fatal facility, so that not more than twenty odd poems among her enormous output are without major or minor blemishes; that, at her best—in an occasional quatrain, very exceptionally in a whole poem—she is the equal of Christina Rossetti and Marceline Desbordes-Valmore; that even here she never approaches Emily Brontë at her best; and that when she does not succeed she is nothing.

Like so many amateurs, Emily Dickinson often wrote outside her range. To those who have no truck with it, save in fantasy, the world is all too easy to describe and explain.

> Upon the gallows hung a wretch,
> Too sullied for the hell
> To which the law entitled him.
> As nature's curtain fell
> The one who bore him tottered in,
> For this was woman's son.
> "'Twas all I had," she stricken gasped;
> Oh, what a livid boon!

As a comment on the human situation such a poem is embarrassing. And in her "metaphysical" verses (printed in the later sections of the collected *Poems* and of *Bolts of Melody*) Emily Dickinson mixes half-understood abstractions with homely concrete images in a wild endeavour to express the hurt bewilderment and shy tenderness of a violent heart, and the brilliant intimations of an acute but untutored intellect.

In her commerce with nature and animals her persistent use of the Pathetic Fallacy lands her, as often as not, in an archness worthy of Dora Copperfield—though sometimes she can turn even this dangerous weapon to good account, as when she writes of a storm:

> The Dust did scoop itself like hands
> And throw away the road . . .

But it seems to me that she makes the best use of her keen and most original perception of the outside world in the abrupt and surprising images she invents to illustrate the pathetic and evanescent raptures of her personal love. The "blue peninsula," the grass snake, the single hound, the emerald ghost, the little whip that breaks the heart, the "certain slant of light"—all these symbols, and many more to be found up and down the Collected Poems, can justly claim to fulfil the requirements of Bergson's famous definition:

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"A symbol is an analogical picture on the road of intuition." In what I take to be her finest, because least faulty, poem, "Safe in their alabaster chambers," the homogeneous imagery, the easy flow of the lines, the unforced rhymes, combine with a lovely purity of feeling to make the poem as memorable and as musical as a lyric by Beddoes.

Emily Dickinson is essentially an anthology poet: to read any considerable number of her poems in succession is to pass from an agreeable curiosity into disappointment and—eventually—exasperation. The reprint of the Collected Poems contains quite enough verses that were scarcely worth preserving: *Bolts of Melody* consists of little else. In the whole of these 599 poems (excluding the large number of fragments) perhaps three are on the level of Emily Dickinson's best work, while four more add something to her personal legend. Of the remainder the best that can be said is that the box which contained the MSS. played a tune when the key was turned in the lock. This fact is curiously appropriate to what we know of the writer herself, and is more pleasant to dwell upon than the keepsake sentiments which—often in portentous philosophical disguise—limp up and down her monotonous, tripping little stave.

Like Christina Rossetti, Emily Dickinson was a mystic whose intellect was not strong enough to deal adequately with her vision. The defective technique which ruins so much of her work is but one aspect of her amateur's ignorance of scope. Her *vers de circonstance* (and in some sense she wrote little else) remind one of a Mallarmé infinitely more naive but possessing something of the great symbolist's compression and lightness of touch. All that we know of her shadowy, but somehow enchanting, personality confirms our impression of a character to whom other people were an experience that was irresistible because it was dangerous. She may have preferred to speak with her friends through doors ajar, to drop notes to them out o' window on the end of a string—in fact, to exist in their minds only on the cautious level of her own poems; yet she could not do without them.

> Experiment to me
> Is everyone I meet . . .

It is, therefore, the *humanity* of her poems which must retain interest in them, when the sheer oddity has ceased to surprise or charm. In *Bolts of Melody* the following verses perhaps convey best the velvety glance with which this innocent soul regarded the world which—through an instrument as innocent, by all accounts, as herself—had broken her heart.

> Sift her from brow to bare foot,
> Strain, till your last surmise
> Drop like a tapestry away
> Before the fire's eyes;
>
> Winnow her finest fondness,
> But hallow just the snow
> Intact in everlasting flake
> Oh, cavalier, for you!

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

EAST AND WEST

Germany—Bridge or Battleground. By J. P. WARBURG. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The problem of Germany is a Serbonian bog for political commentators. There are so many mazy paths through it that, before a man knows, he is up to his armpits. Mr. Warburg has chosen wisely to keep his distance from the quagmire and restrict his inquiries to the major problems which face the Four Powers. As a result he does not get snared into analysing denazification, party politics or federalisation, but keeps his hands clean to deal with the question of how Germany is to be made economically sound without making her a danger to her neighbours. His book has one great merit. Instead of being wise after the event and scoring points off the Allies, he shows in a well documented historical survey how it was that the rulers of Germany became involved in such a series of contradictory policies. He points out that the original disastrous level of industry plan was born of a compromise between the ravings of Morgenthau and the prosaic cogitations of the War and State Departments. He disposes of the myth that unconditional surrender left the Western Allies without a policy for Germany. They had a policy; but it was political, economically fallacious and—for this they should not be blamed—based on the hope that the Four Powers would work together in harmony. In fact Mr. Warburg does not stress sufficiently the almost indecent advances which General Clay made to his Russian confrère. The betrothal lasted for six months and caused great pain to the poor British miss who felt she had been jilted. Once the Four Powers fell out, however, policy changed, until for the past nine months virtually nothing of importance has been agreed upon in Berlin. From then on the Western Allies have been doing a series of back-somersaults through the hoops, France hampered by her 1919 *toilette*, Britain by her financial crisis and America by her inability finally to break off the engagement with Russia.

Mr. Warburg is an American liberal whose restrained and dispassionate account suggests that he is not trying to qualify either for a Rankin loyalty test nor for an Intourist trip round the Balkans. He points out the shortcomings of all the Powers and draws the moral that Germany is the one field in which they can and must collaborate to achieve a genuine compromise between the solutions proposed by East and West. Well, we all have felt that, but saying it again does not get us a step nearer achievement. Of course Mr. Warburg's solution is sensible and logical: German, indeed European, coal production is to be used for the benefit of Europe as a whole; economies are to be integrated; Russia and the West must learn to tolerate each other's definitions of democracy. But when have these policies been capable of achievement? Not since the Russians destroyed the Social Democrat party in their zone and refused to treat Germany as an economic whole, or the Western Allies proved themselves inherently incapable of putting through a swift, full-scale social revolution *à la mode* in their zones. Mr. Warburg's book is too remote from the vulgar realities of power politics in Europe to-day. A really good book about Germany has yet to be written, and its author could do worse than follow Mr. Warburg's analysis of the manœuvres between 1945 and the end of 1946. The author will be wise, however, if he realises that a book on the Allied occupation cannot be a serious inquiry into a solution of the German problem; primarily, it must be a study of how the various Allied policies and the proposed solutions are really reflections of the state of mind of the Four Powers. Only secondarily, can it attempt to reconstruct Germany's economy and society. And let us pray that when such a book is written its author is gifted with a lively style and does not write like a sexton after a heavy day in the churchyard.

NOEL ANNAN

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Old People's flats, admirable as in so many ways they are, had bedded us down like oysters, in our age groups. In Moss Ferry and in the small Somerset town of Mr. Hancock's earliest remembrance, young and old shared their pleasures, fair or fireworks or dancing bear, and a child learned the virtue of unselfishness and the complexities of communal living through that microcosm of society, the family group.

Manchester Fourteen Miles is thinly disguised autobiography, so thinly, indeed, that one regrets it is not written in the first person. Hilda is a substantial heroine, without introspection or self-pity, but with plenty of enterprise, whether it is employed in sliding pennies out of her money-box or giving a paper on *Spiders* mugged up from *Chatterbox*, to the Mutual Improvement Society. She is an ardent reader of *Home Chat* and a subscriber to the Co-op. Library and at thirteen has an ambition to learn French.

From the plainly written tale of Hilda's early life, surprisingly delicate relationships emerge; the imagination of the writer is not spent on childhood fantasies but on the appreciation of character and situation; by the end of the story we know the exact shade of difference in a simple woman's feelings towards an adopted daughter and towards her own flesh and blood, and we know, too, that the adoptive father finds no such barrier, but loves the foster-child as his own.

The family and the village are so solidly presented that to read the book is to live in Moss Ferry—a very lively place. Uncle Billy drinks too much and gets himself locked up, to the lasting embarrassment of the village constable who has to do the job. Grandma Buckley, a kindly slattern, smells because she never washes her hair for fear of getting neuralgia. Mick the cat dies and his funeral is attended by the entire Winstanley family—with a lump in its throat. Grandma Stringer ties up her drunken bully of a son-in-law and gives him the hiding of his life and the not unkindly schoolmaster, with a virago of a wife, takes his domestic troubles out of his pupils. They bear him no malice on this account, till one day he goes too far and Alfie Hogben's father comes to take it out of *him*.

An Innocent Grows Up, an autobiography, is less confined in time and space than the Manchester book; it takes us from Mr. Hancock's delicate childhood, through his war service, to the day when he signs a deed of partnership with his father. The style is more literary than Miss Penn's, with a feeling for decorative writing and the fantasies of childhood. Mr. Hancock grew up about the same time as Hilda, but in the softer south-west, and his father, a draper, owned his shop, Cornhill House. What emerge most clearly at the end of this quiet and sensitive story are places rather than people; the draper's shop is better known to us than the parents. The writer is detached, with malice towards none, affection for most, and a nostalgic love for things past. The store-room that by night seemed to his childish imagination a bottomless pit, the negroes fierce with scimitars on the stairs, the old garden rising steeply behind the house, the lengthening shadows on the walls that marked the passing of time, these are the strongest impressions one receives from the book. Unlike Hilda who rushes forward and takes life in armfuls, Mr. Hancock goes slowly and contemplates. There is, however, one wonderfully rich character. Uncle Theodore, a baker, a man of tremendous gaiety, who none the less weeps openly on a station platform when the draper's family leaves.

DOROTHY BAKER

DIGGING

Prehistoric Britain. By JACQUETTA and CHRISTOPHER HAWKES. *Chatto and Windus.* 15s.

It is a pleasure to say at the outset of a review "This is an absolutely first-class book"—a pleasure that is rare enough. This book, a revised and expanded version of a *Pelican* published in 1943 (and now inevitably unobtainable) has added to its original excellencies additional illustrations and a second part, running to nearly ninety pages; this takes the form of a guide to the Prehistoric and Roman antiquities of Great Britain arranged as a regional annotated gazetteer. An outline for the intelligent man of our present knowledge of prehistoric Britain, this book has behind it the authority of two of our leading prehistorians, while the charm and lucidity of the writing presents the complicated synthesis in a manner which successfully avoids both pedantry and superficiality. The authors insist that prehistory, while it uses the techniques and disciplines of science, is itself "a humane subject, deeply involved in all the uncertainties of human emotion, thought and action," and that "the creative task of the prehistorian is not to be distinguished from that of the historian." Their book is the vindication of this approach.

At the present time archæologists in Britain feel the urgent necessity of enlisting the interest of the educated public in their work, for on that interest archæological research must largely depend. Our technique is rapidly elaborating, and this makes prehistory more and more a study which can only be undertaken by full-time workers with an adequate training; yet these very advances have been due to the amateur worker in the past; his value is by no means diminished to-day. The State resources for archæology are minimal, the departments of the Civil Service concerned are unco-ordinated, understaffed, too small and too junior in the hierarchy of organisation to cut much ice. In those Universities where prehistoric archæology is taught, funds for excavation are small, and the learned societies, dependent on the subscriptions of private individuals, can scarcely do more than to keep up their essential publications. But it is these subscribers, amateurs in archæology, who largely finance the journals containing the technical evidence on which the professional prehistorians work.

There is another aspect of the relationship between the professional archæologists and the educated public. Excavation is the basic source of material facts in prehistory, and at the present time circumstances combine to render excavation an intricate problem quite apart from the technical archæological considerations inherent in any dig. Industrial exploitation, the acquisition of land for military purposes, housing and town-planning may all threaten sites and so make it necessary to excavate them before they are destroyed. Ordinary navvy labour is impossible to obtain, or, if obtainable, high wages make it prohibitive with the small funds available. Here again the interested amateur must be called in to the rescue, to dig, scrape and cheerfully blunt his finger nails for weeks on end and often in unpleasant weather in order that the job can be done at all—and this for nothing, or at the most a nominal wage to cover expenses. Mechanical gravel diggers may destroy the records of prehistoric Britain just as efficiently as a first-class fire in the Public Record Office would destroy the records of later times. The amateur may now find archæological research too complicated a subject to tackle on his own, in the manner of his nineteenth-century predecessors, but he can give the professional invaluable help by direct work on excavations, by reporting chance discoveries or threatened sites, and less directly (but none the less essentially) by his subscriptions. Such books as the Hawkes's should enlarge and strengthen this band of workers, and contribute not a little to our knowledge of the lives and achievements of our ancestors.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 927

Set by John Cauliflower.

The usual prizes are offered for a letter of advice to one who is thinking of cconon ising. Length 300 words. Entries by December 9th.

RESULT OF CO..PETITION No. 924

Set by Sebastian.

The usual prizes are offered for six telegrams exchanged between any English novelist and a producer who is filming one of his works. Total length 150 words.

Report by Sebastian.

It was generally assumed that the film company was in Hollywood—but why? I suppose the solemnities of Rank and the platitudes of British documentary films have not yet caught the satirical eye; yet a documentary script of, say, *To the Lighthouse*—with sequence showing the effect of suffragette movement on Left-wing minded lighthouse keeper—or of *Mr. Polly*, introducing socially-conscious examination of fire insurance racket or exposing the war of the little man with the multiple store, might have been just as funny as the galumphries of Hollywood among the world's masterpieces. The documentaries which cannot tell a story have become better fun than poor old Hollywood which cant stop. Obviously our readers have not yet caught up with British films; perhaps I was wrong in not dropping a broad hint. Of course, all competitors had an uproarious time in California. The best single telegram was signed Beerbohm (L. E. Jones). There were good entries by Mary Drewery, J.S.R., Ulysses, Ronald Mason, Crieff Williamson; and among the very many who had fun with *A Passage to India*, David Hicks must be mentioned. No single competitor stands out above the rest and I recommend that the total prize be divided equally between Ronald Mason, Ulysses, Mary Drewery, and L.E.J.

I

Bunyan, Bedford Gaol, England.
Offer 10,000 dollars film rights *Pilgrims Progress*.
HOLLYWOOD FILMS, INC.

II

Hollywood Films, California, U.S.A.
Am sore troubled in my mind. Stop. The play is a disgrace abounding in our life and I fear judgment if I take part in it. BUNYAN

III

Puritan, Bedford, England.
Not asking you to play. Stop. Have contracted Hope and Crosby as Christian and Evangelist. Stop. Do you agree title changed. Quote *Road to Salvation*. Unquote. Stop. Increase offer 15,000.
HOLLYWOOD FILMS

IV

Hollywood Films, U.S.A.
Am drawn towards thee for thy good intentions. Stop. But wealth is a snare to those that seek it.
BUNYAN

V

Puritan, England.
Do you need dollars in England or do you. Stop. Last offer 20,000. HOLLYWOOD FILMS

VI

Hollywood Films, U.S.A.
Quote: A man there was, though some did count him made the more he cast away the more he had. Unquote. Stop. Tempt me no more. BUNYAN
MARY DREWERY

I

Advised name Zuleika Dobson bad box-office due to Zuleika Queen Dobson lacking tone. Stop. How would you regard Rose Aylmer. Stop.
SCHLUMPSKI

II

Euphonious. BEERBOHM.

III

Sorry, unable phone you. Stop. Regret none informed Rose Aylmer pre-empted by Landaus query. Group. Stop. Suggested that for female conjuror Rose Maskelyne suitable. Stop. Cable your views. Stop. SCHLUMPSKI

IV

But would it not flatter my heroine's tenuous talent overmuch. BEERBOHM

V

Forget Maskelyne. Stop. Now advised Zuleika Dobson good box-office due being title successful British book. Stop. Try contact author, negotiate licence. Stop. SCHLUMPSKI

VI

Author consents. BEERBOHM
L.E.J.

Connolly, Horizontal, London.
Winchester unknown here. Any objection Naylor being Harvard man and setting transferred California.
SAM

Goldwyn, Hollywood (collect).
No objection, but don't send Spam. Suggest Smithfield Va Peachfed ham in next parcel. CYRIL

Connolly, Horizontal, London.
Hay's office requires change sex Eddie-from-the-top Varna Princess Rustchuk and colour of Tahiti. Any objection? SAM

Goldwyn, Hollywood (collect).
None. But why send Hominy Grits and Jello Crystals when you might send Havana cigars and smoked Turkey? CYRIL

Connolly, Horizontal, London.
Would like to buy option on unquiet grave. Laughton wants to play Palinurus. Stop. Sending Catawba wine. See Longfellow. SAM

Goldwyn, Hollywood (collect).
Seen Longfellow. Stop. Stop sending Catawba. Stop. Why not send Scotch. Stop. Prefer Ladd to Laughton. CYRIL
"ULYSSES"

TELEGRAMS

Have engaged Margaret Lockwood play Lady Chatterley in film *Sons and Lovers*. Please write in scene for daughter Toots. Suggest retitle daughters and lovers. Stop. Any objection. WEISENHEIMER

To hell with this cancel contract. You are filthy parasite. Sucking my life away. LAWRENCE

Resent implication, but willing overlook. Stop. Prestige Lockwood and daughter considerable attraction box office. Stop. What about Stewart Granger for gamekeeper if can ride camel. Stop. Any objection. WEISENHEIMER

Never heard of Stewart Granger. What has camel to do with it, anyhow? Contract cancelled. You frustrate me. LAWRENCE

Introducing theme from your *Seven Pillars Wisdom* pep up romantic action. Stop. This accounts for camel. Stop. Any objection. WEISENHEIMER

Seven Pillars Wisdom is by Shaw. Stop. Suggest contact him care of Gabriel Pascal. Stop. Wash my hands of it. Stop. All communications Tristan da Cunha. Further notice. LAWRENCE
RONALD MASON

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is exempted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. Cambridgeshire Technical College and School of Art. Amended Advertisement. Applics. invited for post of Principal. Applicants should be Graduates in Honours of British University, or possess an equivalent qualific. Scope of College, which is centre of Further Education for Cambridge and the surrounding dist., is both vocational and humane and includes a School of Art. New site has been purchased and plans, in the preparation of which the new Principal will take part, are being put in hand for a Regional College of Further Education for Cambridgeshire and the adjacent areas. Sal., £1,100×£50—£1,350. Beginning sal. in accordance with exp. and qualifics. Parties. of post and an application form obtainable by sending s.a.e. foolscap e. to the Chief Education Officer (T), Shire Hall, Cambridge. Previous candidates for post who wish their applics. to stand should notify Chief Educ. Officer; fresh applic. forms are unnecessary.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Dept. of Social Studies. Applics. invited for a Lectureship in Social Psychology on sal. scale £350-£25-900; initial sal. may be above minimum. Further parties. will be sent on inquiry. Applics. should reach Registrar, University, Leeds, 2, by Dec. 6, 1947.

UNIVERSITY of London, Institute of Archæology. Appointment of Secretary. Sal. £550, rising to £700. Pensionable under F.S.S.U. Applics. to be received by Dec. 17. For parties. apply to Director of Institute, Inner Circle, Regents Pk. N.W.1.

C.C. Reqd. on Jan. 1, 1948, at Avery Hill Training College, Avery Hill Rd. S.E.9: 2 full-time Lecturers (women) in English, hons. degree or equivalent with good teaching exp. essential. Interest in dramatic work or speech work desirable. One half-time Lecturer (woman) in Physical Education. One half-time Lecturer (woman) in English (temporary post for 2 terms only). These vacancies are due to resignation, promotion, and leave of absence. Training College scale sals., appropriate proportions of Lecturers' sals. for half-time posts. Applics. (no forms reqd.) direct to Principal of the College, returnable immediately. (3404.)

B.B.C. invites applics. for Siamese Editor in Far Eastern Service. Duties include preparation in English of news bulletins and news talks for translation into Siamese and transmission in Siamese programme. Qualifics.: wide, cultural, pref. academic background essential; candidates should have some news sense and/or flair for news exp., and if possible some knowl. of, or at least interest in Far East generally. Knowl. of Siamese not essential, but successful candidate is expected to acquire sufficient working knowl. of the language to check accuracy of translations. Sal. is on grade rising by annual increments of £40 or £45 to max. of £890 or £995, according to qualifics. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marked "Siamese Editor N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men and women for post of Home Talks Producer in London. Duties include the choice of subjects and speakers for talks and discussions, and arrangement thereof from the initial stages, through the preparation of scripts, to the work in studio. Qualifics. desirable are knowl. in one or more fields (such as economics, philosophy and religion, and science), sufficient to know who are eligible broadcasters therein, an interest in writing for speech and radio technique (instruction will be given after appointment), and editorial or publishing exp. Sal. on grade rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. £890 p.a: Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marked "Home Talks, N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Bexley Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Bexley, Kent. Candidates must hold Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. Will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigation of history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Sal. scale, £370, rising to £530 p.a. (commencing sal. according to exp.). For applic. form send s.a. foolscap e. to Med. Officer of Health (MHS/B), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, Westminster Bridge S.E.1. (3361.)

C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Friern Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), New Southgate, N.11. Candidates must hold Mental Health Cert. of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. Will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Salary scale 370 rising to £530 p.a. (comm. salary according to exp.). For applic. form send s.a. foolscap e. to Med. Officer of Health (MHS/B), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, Westminster Bdge. S.E.1. (3461.)

BERKSHIRE Educ. Ctee. invite applics. for post of Club Leader for Wantage Youth Centre. Sal. scale £300, rising annually by £15 to £525, the initial sal. being fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Under certain circumstances the post will be superannuable. Applic. forms will not be issued but applicants should send full partics. of their age, qualifics. and exp., together with a covering letter to the Director of Education, Education Office, Shire Hall, Reading. Applics. should be submitted by Dec. 13.

Appointments Vacant—continued

FINSBURY Borough Council. Applics. invited for appointment of a Housing Assistant on permanent staff. Exp. in the Housing Dept. of a local authority and of municipal rent collection is essential. Pref. will be given to candidates with Octavia Hill training. Sal.: Successful candidates with a recog. professional qualific. in Housing Management—Grade APT 1 of the National Scales, viz., £350-£395 (plus cost of living bonus, at present £59 16s. for males, £48 2s. for females). Successful candidates without a recognised qualific. in Housing Management—Clerical Division of the National Scales, viz., males £335-£380, females £268-£304 (plus cost of living bonus, at present £59 16s. for males and £48 2s. for females). Consideration will be given to applics. of persons taking a recog. professional exam. in housing management in near future, with a view to their being appointed to take up their duties after sitting for the exam. In such circumstances, appointment would be graded APT 1 (see above) if person appointed is successful in passing the exam., and would remain graded in Clerical Division (see above) if person appointed is unsuccessful. Conditions of service will be those of the National Joint Council. Successful candidates will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and to contribute to Superannuation Fund. Applics., stating age, exp. and qualifics., together with copies of 3 recent testimonials, to reach John E. Fishwick, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1, within 21 days.

INSTITUTE for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. Applics. are invited from women under 45 for post of General Secretary. Business and organizing ability of primary importance. Sal. according to exp. and qualifics. Copies of testimonials with full partics. of age, education, exp., when free, and sal. reqd. should reach Gen. Sec., I.S.T.D. 3, Bourdon St. Davies St. W.1, by Dec. 6. Envelopes to be marked "Secretaryship."

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux workers wanted by Family Welfare Assoc. in their Central London Bureaux. Applicants should have Social Sci. Diploma or similar qualific. and must be between 25 and 45. 6 mths.' training given. Sal. £250 to £300. Easy hours, would suit married Social Worker. Applics. should be made Family Welfare Assoc., 296, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Mitcham County (Grammar) School for Girls (Cranmer Road, Mitcham). Reqd. for Jan., 1948, a Senior Science Mistress, able to organise the teaching of Biology, Chemistry and Physics throughout School, and to teach Biology to Univ. Entrance standard (the Committee would also be prepared to consider applics. for a part-time appointment to teach this subject). Apply to Head Mistress at School.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or exptd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

REQD. in Jan., master or mistress to teach Maths. Post temporary for two terms but ed. become permanent. Burnham scale. Apply immediately to Headmaster, Maidstone Grammar School.

FULLY qualified kindergarten mistress required in January in private day school. Burnham scale. Mid-day meals. Apply Principal, St. Anne's P.N.E.U. School, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT Matron reqd. Jan. 110 girls. Matron, 4 assistants. Write: Headmistress, Hollington Park School, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

MIDHURST Grammar School, Sussex. Wanted in January, Senior Matron for School House of eighty boarders. Good nursing exp. essential. The lady appointed would be expected to concern herself generally with the welfare and care of the boys, and to have an interest in boys with special difficulties. Salary according to qualifics. and exp. Application should be made in writing to the Headmaster.

L.C.C. Reqd. in January, 1948, at Wandsworth Teachers' Training College, a resident Assistant Domestic Bursar (female). Training and exp. in institutional management is essential. This position is exempt from the Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Annual sal. £225, plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (I.S.D/58), County Hall, S.E.1. (3318.)

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